Rev-3
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HOW MUCH DID CONSERVATIVES GAIN?

50 CENTS
CDC

NOVEMBER 17, 1964

# NATIONAL REVIEW

*A Journal of Fact and Opinion*

## HOW TO BE ANTI-COMMUNIST WITHOUT BEING ANTI-COMMUNIST:

**THE VOICES OF AMERICA, 1964**

## THE DEFEAT OF BARRY GOLDWATER: What Does it Mean?

**WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE?**

## WHY HAVE SO MANY JEWS TRAINED THEIR GUNS ON HANNAH ARENDT?

**DID HER BOOK ON ADOLPH EICHMANN MISS THE POINT?**

### Also In This Issue:

**BUCKLEY ON SARTRE AND THE NOBEL PRIZE ♦ J. BURNHAM ASKS WHETHER JOHNSON WILL BE A WAR PRESIDENT ♦ COLM BROGAN ON THE AFTERMATH OF THE BRITISH ELECTIONS ♦ ALSO KIRK, MILLER**

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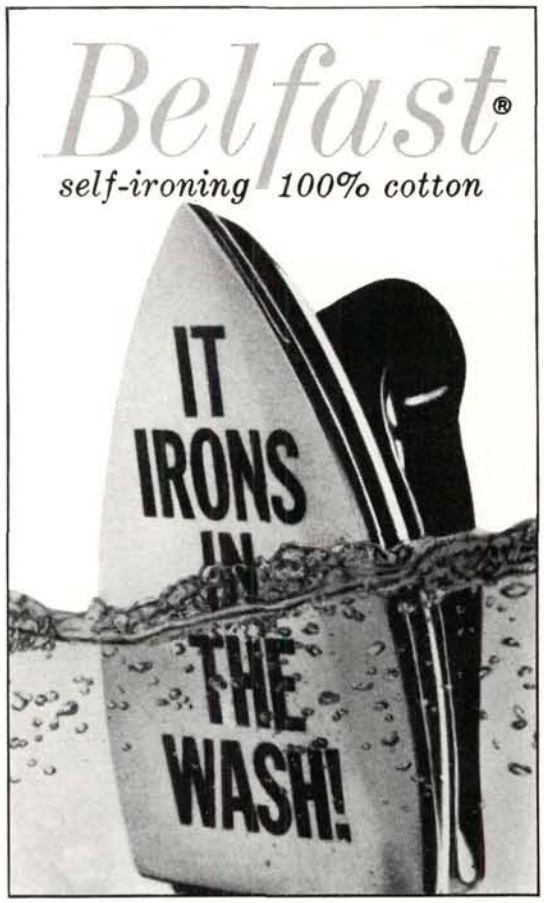


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# NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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## *In This Issue . . .*

➔ we report, needless to say, on the election results, and ponder their implication for the future. We join Senator Goldwater, again needless to say, in congratulating President Johnson on his victory; and we pray that Mr. Johnson's prayers of a few weeks ago will be heard, when he extended his arms skywards and said, "Forgive them Lord, for they know not what they do." . . . Mr. **Max Geltman** has for several years been at work preparing a volume on *Socialist Anti-Semitism from Marx to Hitler*. Mr. Geltman, whose provocative article on the critics of Hannah Arendt he will develop into a book, is by trade a publications consultant. He also prepared the extensive study on the Palestine Refugee Problem "which," he advises us, "was very well received —except by the Arabs and the Jews." . . . Mr. **"Schlosser"** is not really Mr. Schlosser at all, but he is every bit as well qualified as Mr. Schlosser to write about the performance of our broadcasting stations in Europe. A year or so ago, he notes, the Communists ceased jamming our stations. So-you-see, everyone concluded, it is true that the Soviet Union is softening. Only as usual, it turns out it is *we* who are softening. Mr. Schlosser knows the situation from the inside. . . . And **Colm Brogan** looks back on the British elections. His present frame of mind is to shudder at the prospect of the repetition of an experience so boring any time during the near future: "Osbert Lancaster, who is surely the most inspired cartoonist in the world, put the national reaction into the mouth of his favorite character, Maudie Littlehampton, the quite uninhibited peeress. Pointing to the announcement of the majority [of a mere four members], she said to her husband, 'Do you realize that it will take only three coronaries and a cold in the head, and we'll have the whole Goddamn thing over again?' . . . I don't honestly think I could bear it."

➔ **Wm. Buckley** is glad Jean-Paul Sartre refused the Nobel Prize, and is sorry the Nobel Committee extended it. Who says conservatives come up with simple solutions? . . . Mr. **James Burnham** ruminates on some ugly coincidences. Wilson won re-election by promising to keep America out of war. Twenty-four years later Roosevelt won re-election by promising to keep America out of war. Twenty-four years later Lyndon Johnson won re-election by promising to keep America out of war. . . . **Russell Kirk** applauds an experiment being conducted in Minnesota to give foreign journalists some idea of what the country is like and what American conservatives are all about.

➔ Professor **Vincent Miller** of Wofford College reviews the gloomy book of Mr. Sam Lubell on the racial question. . . . **Anthony Lejeune** is disappointed by Arthur Koestler's latest. . . . Professor **Richard V. Allen** of the Center of Strategic Studies at Georgetown surveys the recent books on Lenin. . . . And **Richard Hodgens,** a reviewer for the *Film Quarterly*, regrets to report that the movie *Fail Safe* is like the book *Fail-Safe.* ➔




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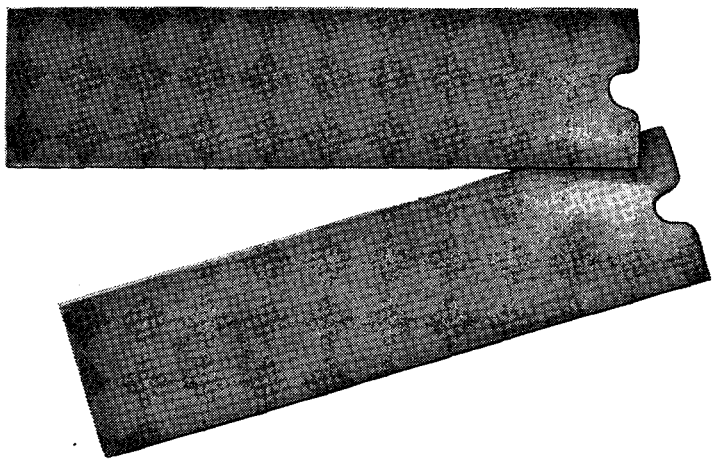

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# To the Editor

### *Historical Note*

As a reader of the NATIONAL REVIEW who enjoys it and sometimes believes it (I leave total belief to my brother*), I am surprised that you have fallen for the claim of the *Herald Tribune* that it (by which it means the *Tribune*) has always supported the Republican Party at Presidential elections since the party was founded [Oct. 20]. In 1872, the *Tribune* supported its editor, Horace Greeley, as a "Liberal Republican" against President Grant. Greeley was foisted on the unfortunate Democrats by Whitelaw Reid, later editor and publisher of the *Tribune*. I don't think Grant was a good President but he was *the* Republican candidate in 1872. Charles O'Conor was the Paolucci. I think the *Tribune* is wiser supporting LBJ than it was supporting Greeley, but my letter is written in the interest of pedantry.

*Grinnell, Iowa* DENIS BROGAN

### **From Whom . . .*

At a very pleasant cocktail party in Chelsea, an English company director asked me: "What's behind these Who Killed Kennedy Committees that are being organized everywhere?" I told him that I couldn't very well say *who* was behind this extraordinary activity, but I knew jolly well *what* was behind it. Oswald, I tried to point out, didn't fit the pattern of the man who must, according to Liberal doctrine, have been the assassin. This conversation took me back to the day of the assassination when the wife of a distinguished American writer (No! I'd take the Fifth if asked his name) cried out in desperation, "It's GOT to be a Goldwater man!"

If Lee Oswald had lived long enough to confess to the crime, even supplying the police with evidence they had overlooked, there would still be Who Killed Kennedy Committees all over Europe. Oswald would be the darling of "Free Oswald" parades all over Europe. His accusers would be denounced as Rightist conspirators. Perhaps the movement would fall short of soliciting the aid of Lord Bertrand Russell, who is one of the prime movers in the London movement, although this may be giving the noble gullible

**(Continued on p. 1028)**



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# Here is the Whittaker Chambers the world hardly knew

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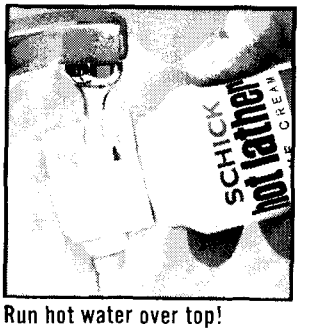
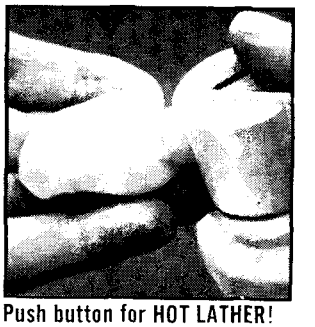
Exclusive heat coil!




Run hot water over top!



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# The WEEK

● Arrrgh.

● Note well: in 1964 the split ticket came of age. Great throats bellowed instructions from newspaper editorial columns on how to elect Tom (Dem.), Dick (Rep.), and Harry (Cons.). Political groups, "citizens' committees," invested buckets of coin in the same enterprise, and voters by the million waggled their finger from lever to lever, oblivious of party, like honey bees in a field of blossoms. If this development means that voters are voting less the party and more the man, or the man's ideas, then 1) our politics must be judged capable of being conducted on much more sophisticated levels, and 2) the two major parties must sooner or later accommodate themselves to the broad ideological division of modern times.

● Those two propositions in California, #14 and #15, produced a superficially contradictory result: the voters seemed to be defending property rights when they struck down the Rumford Act, which restricted the freedom of property owners to dispose of their holdings as they alone see fit, and seemed to be assailing property rights when they voted to refuse the Pay-TV promoters the chance to operate in California. Actually, the first vote was in many cases a recognition of the existence of racial prejudice, rather than libertarian homiletics; and the second was the pocketbook squawking: don't pay for nuttin' you don't gotta pay for. On that second point, we hope the Pay-TV crew go to court and fight for *their* rights, which certainly include freedom of speech, no? And we hereby offer one slightly battered Goldwater pin to the first reader, residing in California, who can explain the whereabouts in the federal Constitution of the authority whereby one group of citizens can deprive a man of a chance to make a living by the exercise of free speech.

● "TO THE EDITORS OF NATIONAL REVIEW. RESPONSIBILITY FOR GOLDWATER DEFEAT IS IN LARGE MEASURE NELSON ROCKEFELLER'S. HIS UNSCRUPULOUS AND MENDACIOUS PRE-CONVENTION ACCUSATIONS—GOLDWATER WOULD TRIGGER NUCLEAR WAR AND DESTROY SOCIAL SECURITY—CREATED CLIMATE OF FEAR WHICH GAVE DEMOCRATS PRODIGIOUS EMOTIONAL ADVANTAGE. SCRANTON AND LODGE ALMOST AS GUILTY AS ROCKEFELLER. IN THE FIGHT AHEAD WE MUST NOT ALLOW RESPONSIBLE CONSERVATIVES TO FORGET THE HEINOUS ROLE OF THIS WILLFUL TRIUMVIRATE WHO DEMONSTRATED BY THEIR ACTS AND ACCUSATIONS THE BARE-THREADED UNPRINCIPLEDNESS OF ALL MODERN LIBERALISM. MODERATELY YOURS, WM. H. BRADY, MILWAUKEE."

● The spiritual chart of the Democratic Administration is well known. There is no need to mark off whole sections of it and call them Terra Incognita, embellished with the writhing figures of fanciful beasts. But the Republican Party, during the recent campaign, faced the problem of estimating just how many beasts it should depict. It decided, whether wisely or not one must judge for oneself—it being finally a matter of taste—that the display of a specimen or two in the zoo should suffice to imply the existence of whole species in the back country. So the GOP closed the campaign with some of its most startling discoveries unpublished. It was an act of reticence and responsibility for which it cannot hope to receive much thanks.

● The Conservative Party of New York, even though Gov. Rockefeller had denied it the right to endorse Goldwater and Miller, roared out of the election in great shape. Against the wonderful 142,000 votes Mr. David Jaquith got on the gubernatorial line in 1962, it racked up 200,000 votes this year for Prof. Henry Paolucci, running for the Senate against Robert Kennedy and Kenneth Keating. The 200,000 is the more astonishing because each voter had to 1) overcome the temptation to bypass the Conservative Party solely in order to decelerate Kennedy by supporting Keating, and 2) take the trouble to pick off the Paolucci lever pretty far away from home territory on the voting machine. Meanwhile, the entrenched Liberal Party, hoping for 600,000, got only 250,000 votes, even though it had President Johnson at the top of its ticket. It's not beyond possibility that the Conservative vote will some day surpass the Liberal. Even before that day, the Conservative Party will have richly earned the applause of New York conservatives of both parties.

● One of Mr. Johnson's most pressing problems is inflation, the old insoluble puzzle of prolonging a monetary spree without aggravating the eventual economic headache. Sooner or later the results show up in rising prices, labor demands for "compensation" wage rises, a decline in exports, pressure on international payment balances, monetary suffocation. If, as is most likely, Johnson continues the inflationary policies of the last eight Administrations, the outlook cannot fail to include further federal intervention (Johnson has already put the heat on Steel to hold prices down), exchange controls (*e.g.*, the special tax on overseas investments), economic



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isolationism and protectionism, devaluation (Treasury is hatching plans to take the silver out of our coinage), and ultimately the stagnation of a straitjacketed economy—the unwanted end-product of an inflation undertaken originally as a "stimulant."

● Continuing its campaign rule for ruthless distortion of the news in the interest of Goldwater's defeat, the greater part of the press concealed the enormity of the military defeat we suffered November 1 at the Bienhoa airbase in Vietnam. There were 72 U.S. casualties, with at least seven dead. The Vietcong destroyed or damaged 30 planes—and other equipment worth at least $15 million. There were no Communist losses. The President can scarcely postpone much longer a response to the Vietnam crisis. It is a crime to continue our current policy, which sacrifices American lives without offering any chance of defeating the Communists or stabilizing a non-Communist Vietnam government. If we are going to get out in the end anyway, there should be no further delay for the sake of some supposedly face-saving neutralization formula—or of domestic politics. If we are going to have to go really in, let's go.

● The Algerian Government celebrated, November 1, the tenth anniversary of the start of the anti-French revolution. On hand, by special invitation, were: Chen Yi, Foreign Minister of Communist China; K. A. Vershinin, Chief of the Soviet Air Force; Abdel Hakim Amer, UAR commander-in-chief. There were no special guests from Western nations; but then none had been invited. The ceremonies consisted of a military display featuring Soviet tanks, Soviet self-propelled guns, Soviet MIG-17 aircraft and Soviet torpedo boats. During the day, more than a quarter of the Algerian population made their meals, as they do every day, from food supplied by the United States.

● In 1954 (see Sylvester Petro's *The Kohler Strike*) one of the most violent labor disputes in history occurred. Fifty-seven of Walter Reuther's strikers were discharged for unlawful acts of terrorism aimed against the community at large, and in 1960 the National Labor Relations Board upheld the discharges. But on September 29 of this year a scandalously politicalized NLRB reversed itself and ruled that the Kohler Company must reinstate the 57; and, incredible as it may seem, grant them back pay. The company has taken the case to the U.S. Court of Appeals, arguing that the recent NLRB ruling "rewards and encourages" union officers and strikers for engaging in "disgraceful spectacles of mob proportions"—a phrase borrowed from the original brief of the trial examiner. Kohler *should* win this one. By a landslide.

● The riot that erupted among several thousand New York City rock 'n roll fans, mostly colored, was a rare breach of the public tranquility that traces back to the civil rights leaders' moratorium on rioting during the Presidential campaign. Officials of the NAACP arrived on the scene almost neck and neck with the police to declare that the riot had no racial overtones; and in fact it hadn't. It was just a bunch of good, clean kids busting up the neighborhood, rumbling and looting stores because they couldn't get seats for the rock 'n roll show. Now that the election is over and public morality is no longer an issue, it seems silly to chide a few thousand misspent youths for blowing off steam (after all, not one Molotov cocktail was thrown and only a handful of injuries and arrests resulted), when we can look forward to the lifting of the moratorium—by a 60-40 mandate.

● First it was Joe Bananas, now it's Murph the Surf. Murph was a high diver who made quite a splash, aquatically speaking, but strictly small time until he teamed up with another chap who could keep a clear head under water. Then it was bubbles-up in the Bahamas, with a good-size jewel heist every time the boys dropped anchor. Police soon began wondering what else they'd been dropping and where, but all that surfaced were two yachts, a Cadillac and a $550-a-month suite in a Manhattan hotel. Then one day Murph's buddy placed a locked briefcase in the hands of a nineteen-year-old girl named Janet and they all flew to Miami without speaking. There Janet got jittery and put the finger on her boyfriend. It was curtains for the Bahama raiders. But the briefcase was missing, and with it the twenty-one priceless gems, or so police charge, lifted on Oct. 30 from a case in New York's Museum of Natural History, including the 563-carat Star of India sapphire and the 100-carat Star Ruby of Burma. In what aqueous cache, mused the Law, in what dark unfathomed caves of ocean do these and other baubles now greenly glow? Murph the Surf had clammed up. But the experts all agreed he'd pulled a caper of the first, ah, water.

● When a well-meaning pillar of Elmira College distributed to every student a copy of John Stormer's demonology, *None Dare Call It Treason,* all Hell broke loose (some called it treason). By and large the faculty thought there were, REally, LIMits, after ALL, to acaDEMic FREEdom; and the students said Come Off It, We're Old Enough to Make Up Our Own Minds. And *that,* no doubt, is what terrifies the little old Ph.Ds in tennis shoes.

● An electorate that fails to be choosi
Deserves Ladybird, Lynda and Luci.



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# The Election

## What Have We Learned?

1. We have learned that the American people have forgone an opportunity which the pessimists will say was unique, which the optimists—the realists, we elect in this instance to call them—will believe to have been, to be sure, a great opportunity lost, but not one which will never recur. A reader of NATIONAL REVIEW wrote to us during the campaign to say, "Don't you realize that if Senator Goldwater is not elected, there can be no future hope for America?" The gentleman is, we profoundly believe, profoundly wrong. There cannot be an end to our country as the result of any single defeat at the polls. Senator Goldwater would himself be the last man to acquiesce in any such conclusion, rooted as it is in a metaphysical pessimism and producing despair. There is nothing to despair about, we make bold to say in the ecumenical spirit of the day, save despair itself. It will be many months, and perhaps even many years, before the clairvoyance of Senator Goldwater will be widely recognized. But the day is likely to come. There is too much energy in America —after all, twenty-five million people did vote for Goldwater—to suppose that we have finally submitted, as a people, to the brute macrocosmic unity of the kind Lyndon Johnson would like to dispose over. When the dust settles, many Americans will remember that Goldwater warned that Big Brother will bite you if you don't watch out, and warned against the assumption that Communism is afflicted with creeping decency.

## What Happened?

2. An interesting question, to a considerable extent technical in nature. Might Senator Goldwater have done better than he did? It is our view that a) he probably could have done better; even though b) it was never obvious how; and that c) however much better he might have done, any assumption that the difference would have closed the gap between defeat and victory flies in the face of the elemental facts of the current political situation.

The odds against Senator Goldwater were enormous, even apart from the unfashionable conservatism of his position. We ventured to say after his victory in California that the odds against him were roughly five to one, and that the odds were at least as great, if not greater, against any other conceivable Republican candidate. It is, we believe, forever important to stress this distinction in conducting the post-mortems. Senator Goldwater won the Republican primary in California. Having done so he was cast by history as the inevitable candidate of the Republican Party. If Governor Scranton, or Governor Rockefeller, or Governor Romney, had wrested the nomination at that point, Goldwater Republicans would have deserted the GOP in droves even greater than those that deserted the party in protest against Senator Goldwater's nomination. The crack in the Republican Party, in short, had evolved in 1964 into a split.

If one then adds to this division the natural factors that worked for Lyndon Johnson—a new President enjoying a political honeymoon, sustained by the trauma that persists as the result of the assassination of his predecessor; manipulating the powers of the Presidency; buoyed by the felicitous cooperation of the world around him, a booming economy, a Communist world momentarily distracted by introversion. . . . It would have taken a jumbo-sized miracle to accomplish a victory for any man who seemed to be saying to the people that the reigning sun-king should be impeached because his soul is unlaundered.

Senator Goldwater elected to run his campaign on a series of generalities. Those who fault him for having done so should remind themselves that President Johnson won a smashing victory by doing precisely the same thing. It may nevertheless be true that although Senator Goldwater was justified, on the basis of a persuasive estimate of the situation, in taking the course he did, he was nevertheless mistaken in doing so.

It is very widely said now that he should have been more specific, that he should have proclaimed *what* specifically a Goldwater Administration would have done and recommended to Congress. For instance, in foreign policy—he might have pledged a Goldwater Administration to removing the Communists from Cuba, by whatever means proved necessary. For instance, on the farm problem—he might have committed himself to reducing farm subsidies to a maximum of $7,000 per family. For instance, on the subject of welfarism—he might have proposed that the Federal Government provide funds only for those states whose median income is below the national average. For instance, on the Supreme Court —he might have committed himself to two constitutional amendments, reaffirming the right of the public schools to permit public prayers, and of the states to continue legislative chambers based other than on raw population figures.

That's all. That's plenty. Would he have increased his vote? It is hard to say. But the American people tend to reason from the particular to the general, *a posteriori;* and it would have been easier for them to reason to a correct theoretical conservatism from the data. Concrete proposals, moreover, tend to stick



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in the American mind longer than even the most resonant rhetoric. Of all the criticism we have heard of the Senator's campaign, then, this one seems to us to be plausible. But this is Monday morning, and we are quarterbacking last Saturday's game. And even then, we cannot say with any certainty that the results of such a campaign would have yielded greater benefits.

## *Mandate for What?*

3. On the morning of November 4 readers were hard put to find a newspaper that didn't proclaim "Lyndon Johnson's Mandate"—that was the heading for the lead editorial in the *New York Herald Tribune,* which as chief spokesman for the Republican defectors had not a little to do with the outcome. In the weeks to come that "mandate" will be the topic for many a columnar think-piece and TV pronunciamento. The example set by James Reston the first morning will be a much-used precedent for discovering in the mandate those measures which each oracle most favors.

"*Man'date:* 1. An authoritative command; order" (Webster). It is a mandate, the President himself declared, "for unity." That doesn't get us much further forward. For "peace," "prosperity," "freedom," "justice for all," and a number of additional abstractions. We may agree, and still wonder what specific policies and programs for unity, peace, prosperity, freedom and justice. . . .

The truth is that because of the nature of Mr. Johnson's campaigning and the nihilism of the opinion-makers, his mandate is almost empty. It might be reasonably argued—though even this much is in doubt—that some expansion of such welfare measures as Medicare and the War on Poverty were sufficiently explicit in the campaign to fall within the mandate's terms. But Mr. Johnson presented no specific proposals of any kind on most of the key problems that his Administration will have to face: the Chinese nuclear bomb, the post-Khrushchev Soviet regime, violence in the streets, de Gaulle's rampages, school integration measures, automation, illness of the dollar, virtual collapse of NATO, hard core unemployment, Castro, the Communist-backed assault on southern Africa, the looming catastrophe in Vietnam. Not only did Mr. Johnson propose nothing; the press and opinion-makers, betraying their duty out of the ferocity of their passion against Goldwater, connived in his silence and did nothing to force a public discussion and debate on the issues. As a result there was no true dialogue or debate; only a set of more or less coarsely phrased variations on "fascist," "racist," "reactionary," "ignoramus." If Barry Goldwater were all these, then all the more necessary to find out what his opponent meant to do, and what might best be done all candidates aside! Can any Johnson voter say at this moment what he, by his vote, was endorsing as policy to take on Vietnam, NATO, China or the rest? Of course not. No policy was stated; none, in most cases, exists.

It was widely felt and hoped, abroad as well as here, that once the election was over with, the course would be settled, so that the United States Government could sail firmly ahead. Nothing is settled, except the personnel on the bridge, and they have given no sign of knowing where they are going. And this vacuum—if we were correct in opposing Mr. Johnson's election—is in most ways fortunate. For it means that our political life has not crystallized, but remains open and active; and that the defeated, too, can continue to influence the nation's choices.

## *And the Future*

4. It will nevertheless have been said, by the time these words appear, that Goldwater conservatism is dead dead dead. It is only safe to say that it is dead if one assumes that otherwise the Senator would have been elected. The undertakers are premature. There are a number of statistical precedents of some bearing. Granted that statistics are wonderfully servile things, which can be ordered around to prove almost anything at all. Still, those conservatives who have given way to despair might remind themselves that the socialist party in England only five years ago lost by a percentage roughly equal to Senator Goldwater's: and here they are, back in power. Those Liberals who have given way to elation should remind themselves that the Democrats lost in 1924 by a margin roughly comparable to Senator Goldwater's, just eight years before they seized American history by the mane and ruled supreme for twenty years. One year's landslide loss, in other words, is not necessarily a permanent thing in a dynamic society, and there is no reason for American conservatives to believe either that their hearts deceived them in telling them he was right, or that the time will never come again when the American people can correct our public policies.

American conservatives should not then lose heart; although some of them should, finally and forever, put aside that consoling dogma they have tucked under their pillows ever since Willkie was defeated in 1940, namely that the Republicans have only to nominate a sure-enough conservative to guarantee a sweep, coast to coast. That little romantic wraith was forever interred by the vote last Tuesday. Henceforward conservatives will, one hopes, be forever awakened from the Platonic trance that one has only to make Truth available as an alternative



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to Error, in order to rest secure. Truth is a demure thing, much too ladylike to knock you on the head and drag you to her cave. She is there, but the people must want her, and seek her out.

American conservatives are entitled, then, hotly to resist the notion that the returns have transcribed for all time the American consensus on the critical issues of our day. What we conservatives need to meditate upon is something more than the artificial factors that tended to militate in President Johnson's favor. We need to develop, if we can, a political idiom which will successfully communicate to the masses of the people the inextricable relationship between our political ideas and the best ideals of humankind.

## Grassroots

Leonard Hall said it: the 1964 Republican campaign was unique in that it had more mass support than anything he had ever seen. Hall said that there were 500,000 active political workers in the field by election day, working for Goldwater. Five Hundred Thousand!

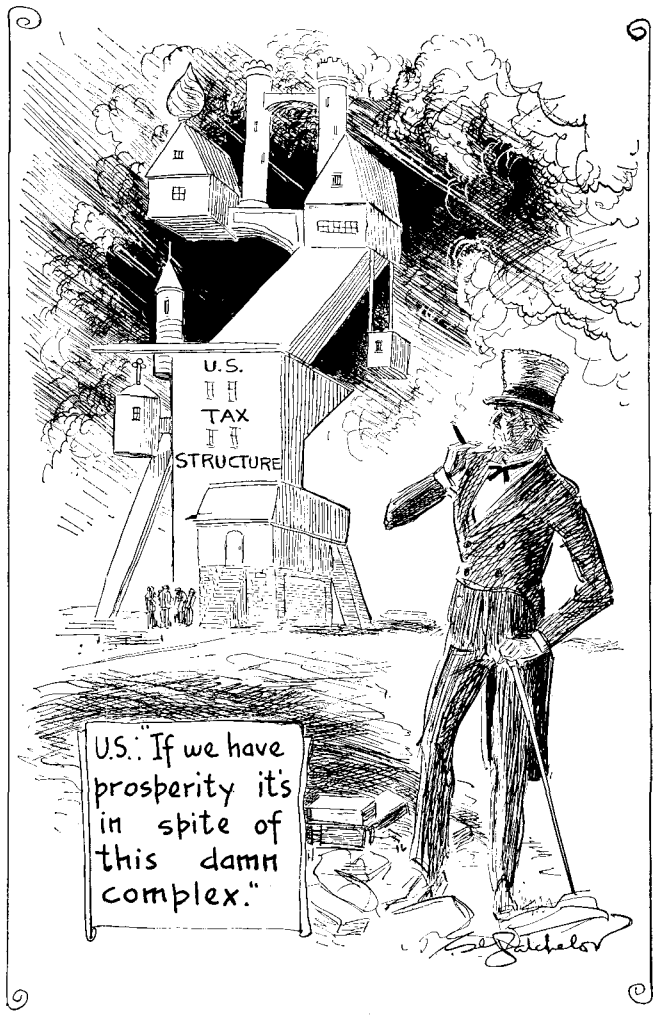
Financial support of the Goldwater campaign tells the same story. Whereas in 1960 the Nixon campaign received about 40,000 individual donations, in 1964 the Goldwater office received well over a million. One source says it was a million and a half; another says it is pushing two million. Take the lowest estimate, divide it by two, and you still have ten times as many donors as Nixon had.

Is it seriously believed that the 25,000,000 votes cast for Goldwater were cast by a sort of catatonic Republican who supported his party out of habit, and in reckless ignorance of the charges that had been made against the ticket? The opposite is more likely: that a substantial majority of those 25,000,000 Goldwater voters knew precisely for whom and for what they were voting, and would have stuck their hands into a barrel of rattlesnakes to pull the Goldwater lever. That must mean that the active, informed, intransigent Republican conservatives are quite a population statistic in themselves.

A small, well-organized band of plotters? A fringe element? Every one of 'em a billionaire? No, gentlemen: this was a genuine grassroots movement.

## Silverliningit

It had its lighter side. F'rinstance, the informal non-paid 150-minute program of political plugs New York's policemen gave Barry Goldwater in the dawn hours of Nov. 2. Suddenly, over the police short-wave came a voice. "Gentlemen, meet your next President, Barry Goldwater." Another voice, from




another radio car chimed in. "It's about time we became Americans again." And on, and on, with nary a thought for equal time for Johnson and Humphrey. At Police Headquarters: consternation. Orders went out to the cops to stop it. . . . cut it out now, fellers . . . can it . . . that's an order! . . . But they didn't and with 450 cars on regular patrol, officials couldn't tell who it was who was polluting New York's airwaves. . . . Or, the Keystone Kops Komedy scene around the Harlem polling place where the Rev. Adam Clayton Powell regularly votes for himself. Mingled with the poll watchers were Powell watchers, in mufti. Eleven plainclothesmen with orders to nab the Congressman if he turned up and force him to pay a whopping libel award. (By law, Powell can only visit New York on Sundays when he is alley-alley-in-free since papers can't be served on that day.) ACP Jr. decided not to risk it—and voted absentee. . . . The *Herald Tribune*, which has left its humor in recent months strictly to Art Buchwald, took the time, believe it or not, to pen a ponderous editorial rebuking Presidential candidate Goldwater for allowing his boosters to sing *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*, which if it doesn't belong to the Republican Party who does it belong to after all? . . .



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IN THE NEXT ISSUE

*NEGROES, INTELLIGENCE, AND PREJUDICE*

*by Ernest van den Haag*

also

*SPECIAL FALL BOOK ISSUE*

Barry Gray, WMCA-New York's late evening interview king, so forgot himself in his Bobby Kennedy zeal that he addressed a Keating aide thusly: "You have an oily way about you, sir," for which major transgression he was promptly suspended—even though he did say sir. . . . Children all over the country breathed more freely: they had fallen for the Democratically-floated rumor that Barry Goldwater would keep all schools open on Saturday. . . . And a large number of Negroes did not, after all, cast write-in votes for Martin Luther King, a tactic that had underhandedly been suggested to them by a near associate of a fellow on the Republican National Committee. . . . Columnist Murray Kempton reminded Sen. Goldwater that what he had really set out to do was to wreck the Eastern Republican Establishment and that "as of the moment, he has plainly done a more complete job than Cato did on Carthage. . . ."

Yes, and NATIONAL REVIEW's mail clerk, in a moment of rare delicacy (he knew how the editors would be feeling Nov. 4), draped his black raincoat over the mailroom door. . . .

## *No. 1 Problem for Johnson*

With Nikita Khrushchev in a straitjacket and Konrad Adenauer on the retired list, Charles de Gaulle seems resolved to beat out Mao Tse-tung as prime exemplar of the political psychosis so aptly christened by Professor Richard Walker as "the megalomania of the aging despot." It is characteristic of this disease that the sufferer confuses himself with History, loses his power of hearing any voice but his own, disregards the effect of his acts on others, and assumes that a thing necessarily comes to be because he wills it.

It is intolerable to de Gaulle that France, *his* France, should be a dependent ally of the Anglo-Saxon superpower, and therefore he acts to break out of his ties—though the reality has been and continues to be that France's security and freedom depend in the last analysis on the nuclear might of the despised Anglo-Saxons. Communism has no importance in *his* mental world of nations and races, and therefore he need have no qualm in making deals with Communist powers. South America (he apparently believes) shares *his* Latin culture, and therefore its nations will turn to him as leader on seeing him in their public squares.

In the last few weeks, there has been an air of recklessness about de Gaulle's moves: effusive praise for Peking's proposal to convoke a nuclear weapons conference; a $356 million trade agreement with Moscow that will give Russia strategic equipment, especially for its chemistry industry, of critical importance; a ferocious attack on all plans for a multilateral nuclear force; loud threats to pull out of NATO—from which France is already two-thirds withdrawn—and, unless French terms are totally and promptly met, out of the Common Market. Implicit in this aggregate is a presumption that France can take global leadership of a Third World consisting, apparently, of just about everybody except the Anglo-Saxon devils, with Charles de Gaulle as imperator.

The presumption is palpable, measured against France's human and material resources—considerably reduced, it might be added, since de Gaulle took charge. If his recent moves can be considered as at bottom merely tough bargaining maneuvers, they have some justification from France's and even Europe's standpoint and might provoke a productive review of Western inter-relationships. But if de Gaulle takes himself as literally as he seems to, and if France can provide no check to his vaulting ego, he may end up wrecking the Western alliance, and his own country, of course, along with it.

## *Notes and Asides*

In this issue we—ordinarily we'd say "celebrate"; today we prefer to say "remark"—NATIONAL REVIEW's 9th Anniversary. We shall be spending it at our desks, and make so bold as to urge our readers to devote a moment of your time (see page 1005) to the announcement of our annual drive for Christmas gift subscriptions. These are of course an important source of nourishment for hungry, growing nine-year-old children. They are, more important, a source of nourishment for the thousands of persons who have over the years received NATIONAL REVIEW and been deeply influenced by it to devote their time and talents to aiding their country. So introduce, please, your friends to NATIONAL REVIEW. If you have no friends who don't already read NATIONAL REVIEW, make a few subscriptions available, if you will, to the long list of applications for a free subscription—libraries, students, the poor. Our motto for today, November 4th, is

Don't give up,
Give *NR*.



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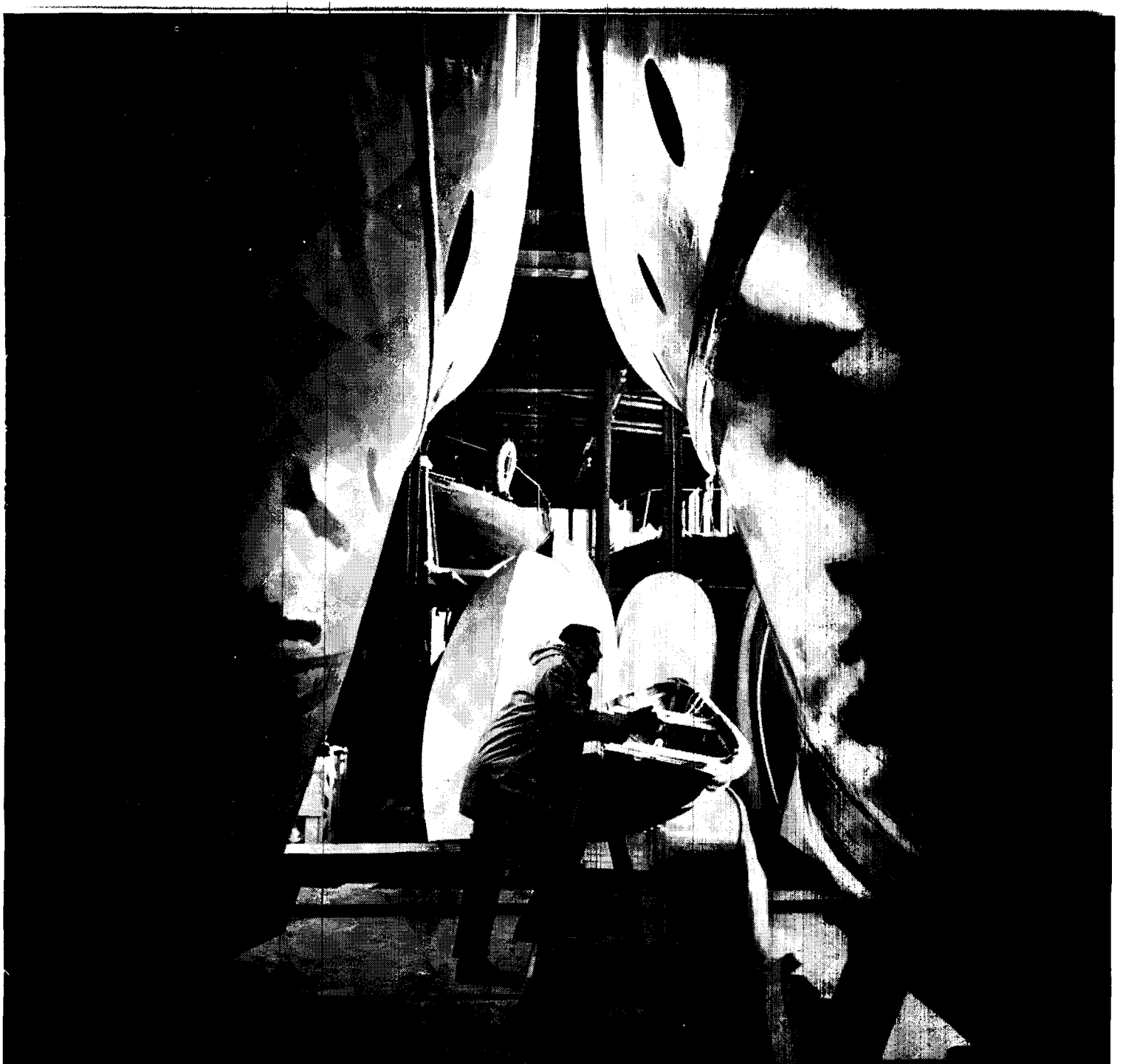

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# *The Nobel Committee and Sartre*

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

ON THE RIGHT

There is something about Jean-Paul Sartre's rejection of the Nobel Prize that is wonderfully pure. Because there is something about accepting a prize offered by anyone at all that suggests an acquiescence — unwise, in some cases— in the prize-giver's standards. If you are offered an award by a committee that previously had given the award to Tom Dick and Harry, there is a sense in which you become a part of the community of Tom Dick and Harry. Sartre recognized this—and said no. I honor his stand as a refreshing act of individuality and wish that others who have been tendered the prize had refused it, along with Mr. Nobel's 53-gees, as grandly. It is of course a pity that M. Sartre advanced the wrongest reasons for gainsaying the honor.

*Buckley*

The Nobel Committee is, to begin with, a semi-mysterious group of intellectuals and bureaucrats who appear to be influenced alternately by sentimentalism (the award to Cordell Hull), pseudo-cosmopolitanism (Halldor Laxness of Iceland), literary proletarianism (Italy's Quasimodo), and out-and-out left-pacifism (Linus Pauling). Any red-blooded Westerner should think twice before accepting a Nobel award, precisely because to do so is to lend the recipient's prestige not merely to the idiosyncratic criteria the Committee uses, but to its political relativism. The Committee's choices are increasingly greeted as signs of divine approval. Yet the Committee has shown neither artistic prescience (T. S. Eliot got the award 25 years after he had earned it), courage (Ezra Pound is yet to get it), nor a high regard for justice (Adenauer never got it). The Committee has come to expect an ayesaying heavenly chorus every time it releases its thunderbolts of approval. It has hardly earned any such thing.

It was a public scandal that it did not award a prize to Robert Frost, even while handing them out to such mediocrities as Steinbeck. John Dos Passos would certainly have got one if only he had been careful not to follow his conscience into the American conservative movement. No one, but no one in our time, has contributed to literary craftsmanship more than Evelyn Waugh—but he is a traditionalist; and so unqualified. You do come across Yeats and Eliot and Faulkner, but one has the feeling that their overpowering performances required as a matter of self-preservation that the Committee recognize them. Shakespeare would have got a prize from the Swedes. But they would probably have found an excuse for not giving one to Milton.

And now the remarkable M. Sartre advances as his reason for not accepting the award not merely that the Nobel Committee is ideologically tendentious, but that it is tendentious in the wrong direction, no less. "In the present East-West confrontation," he said (I quote from the *New York Times*), "my sympathies go undeniably to Socialism and to what is called the Eastern bloc." And the Nobel Committee, Sartre claims, has not sufficiently honored the Communists. For instance, he complains, the Nobel Committee has not given prizes to Pablo Neruda, the Chilean poet, or Louis Aragon, the French poet, or Mikhail Sholokhov, the Soviet novelist. All three of them, observes the *Times*, "are Communists." Indeed, Sartre says, the only Russian the Nobel Committe has honored is Boris Pasternak—"a rebel of the East," who was forbidden to accept the prize by Khrushchev.

"*My sympathies go to what is called the Eastern bloc.*" Mr. Sartre has been loyal to his friends. He has joined in common causes with sympathizers of the Soviet Union and of Soviet Cuba on any number of occasions. Recently he traveled to Cuba to celebrate his enthusiasm for that country's new regime. Sartre calls himself an existentialist. He is primarily a super-verbalist, who spins his teeming thoughts into plays, novels, autobiography, creative philosophy, biography, essays, criticism. He is one of the foremost creative literary men of our time, and although at the center of his philosophy is the importance of the individual, he is stubbornly atheist—and so denudes the individual of the divine spark that is his surest claim to individuality; and he is stubbornly socialist—and so denudes the individual of the privacy which best reflects the dignity of the human condition. It is these philosophical and social confusions which render Sartre ultimately a dull man, a man truly disoriented, whose concern for individualism tends to reduce to a kind of ascetic hedonism: it is not so strange that his life-long mistress should have written the definitive defense of the Marquis de Sade, or that he should have undertaken the definitive defense of the pervert Genet. Recently, Mr. Evelyn Waugh sardonically defended the Catholic Index as "a convenient excuse for not reading Sartre." It is a convenient time for those who cherish the notion of the super-idealism of the Nobel Committee to meditate on the character and work of Jean-Paul Sartre, the Committee's hero of the year.



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# From WASHINGTON Straight

### *The Compleat Lyndon*

► Lyndon Johnson, whose reputation as a political magician everywhere preceded him, gave final evidence of his virtuosity. Time and again in the final week he applied relentless pressure at the critical point, turning potentially uncomfortable situations to his own advantage.

One week before the election a wire-service story datelined Canton, North Carolina appeared in the back pages of the nation's newspapers. The story reported a campaign appearance made that day by Sen. George Smathers (D., Fla.). In the course of his brief remarks Smathers had relieved himself of the "feeling" that his colleague, Sen. Sam Ervin (D., N.C.), would be appointed to fill the next vacancy on the Supreme Court. Assuming, of course, that Lyndon Johnson was re-elected. The significance of this contingent prediction was lost upon few people. Smathers, having spent the previous day whistle-stopping through Florida with LBJ, was in a position to know the President's feelings. Sam Ervin, the finest constitutional lawyer in the Senate and the most powerful Democrat in the pivotal state of North Carolina, has long harbored an ill-concealed ambition to sit on the Court. The deal was made: Ervin's latent Goldwaterism would remain latent, the North Carolina GOP lost interest in assailing the Supreme Court, and North Carolina was secured for yet another four years to the Democratic Party. All for a *possible* Supreme Court appointment! But the methodology is crucial; if LBJ had floated the story himself, ADA headquarters in Washington would have raged into flames.

### *And Pork*

► Federal patronage is one perquisite of the President's office. The pork barrel is another, and LBJ is acutely aware of its peculiar political properties. Last week LBJ's "man in space," James E. Webb, non-political administrator of NASA, suggested to newsmen that it might prove expedient to shift space agency personnel now employed at the Huntsville, Alabama plant to an expanded installation in New Orleans. Rep. Hale Boggs (D., La.), LBJ's unofficial campaign manager for the Old South, immediately acclaimed the switch and flew here to discuss details with Webb, who then opined that Alabama should "improve" its attitude toward the Federal Government.

Alabama had listed two slates of Presidential electors on its ballot, one unpledged but favorable to Gov. George Wallace, and one pledged to Sen. Goldwater. In Alabama Johnson could not win. But in Louisiana there was work to be done, wasn't there?

### *And Pressure*

► Then, in a magnificently orchestrated political fanfare, Johnson lieutenants in Congress leaked word of "Operation Purge," a plan for massive reprisals against pro-Goldwater Democrats in the 89th Congress. Singled out for special attention were Rep. John Bell Williams (D., Miss.) and Rep. Albert Watson (D., S.C.).

"Operation Purge" was conceived by the ultra-Liberal House Study Group led by Rep. Richard Bolling (D., Mo.). Bolling has made a career of criticizing House membership and procedures, but has little influence within the oligarchy which controls the pace and sequence of legislative business. It is generally believed that Bolling has also marked Rep. Otto Passman (D., La.) for purge; Bolling had already crowed that his threats of retaliation restrained Passman from bolting to the Goldwater ticket. Bolling had made a serious miscalculation. While it is true that Passman withheld his formal endorsement of Goldwater, it is also true that Passman campaigned more energetically than he has in a decade—and on a blatantly pro-Goldwater platform. And, with the retirement of Rep. Vaughan Gary (D., Va.), Passman is now in line for the chairmanship of the Post Office subcommittee. The prospect of Passman controlling the spigot of the postal juice has mobilized the Liberals as rarely before. In all likelihood Passman will magnanimously "decline" the new post, and retain his control of the foreign aid subcommittee. In any event Passman wields decisive leverage over Bolling. In the long run, the other Goldwater Democrats will have more to fear from Reps. John Blatnik (D-F-L, Minn.) and Wayne Hays (D., Ohio), political infighters who give muscle to Bolling's speculations.

### *The Bomb*

► There are many good second thoughts, second guesses, and even recriminations here about the use of The Bomb, or, rather, the failure to use it. The Bomb is the name given to the stories and charges painstakingly researched by the Republican National Committee for use in the campaign. It comes in many sizes and shapes: a) the Democratic Senator whose wife has filed for divorce, naming bobbybakering Carole Tyler as co-respondent; b) the "WJ-2," another case of homosexuality in LBJ's intimate entourage; and c) the motel tryst in North Carolina which featured a very close relative of a very prominent public figure.

The general defense whispered by GOP policy makers—and it deserves deep consideration—is this: rarely in American history has one party made a conclusive personal case against the leadership of the opposite party. The GOP leaders believe they have done so; they believe that it has been amply demonstrated that LBJ was less than scrupulous in the acquisition of his private wealth and public power; and that his associates were, in some cases, unethical and even immoral. To provide further documentation, the GOP reasons, would be a mere redundancy—"verbal overkill." That is, it is painful enough for the American people to suspect that the Presidency is touched with scandal; it would be unbearable to know it.

—CATO



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# *Hannah Arendt and Her Critics*

**A Jewish scholar reflects on the bitter hostility to Hannah Arendt's book and wonders whether it is because she has damaged the myth of proletarian unity**

MAX GELTMAN

When Hannah Arendt's articles on the Eichmann trial in Jerusalem began appearing in the *New Yorker* in the spring of 1962 they created an immediate sensation which stirred up certain Zionist and intellectual circles on both sides of the Atlantic. Later, when Viking brought out the book, *Eichmann in Jerusalem,* it set off a chain-reaction of abuse which has not died down to this day.

Since it is not often given to a book to arouse so many passions—and so prolonged a discussion—it will be necessary briefly to summarize Miss Arendt's book and to restate her central premise which is, more or less, contained in the subtitle, *A Report on the Banality of Evil.*

*Eichmann in Jerusalem* is first of all the report of a trial. Not just any ordinary trial, but the trial of a man guilty of helping to exterminate an entire people. It is also the trial of a man undertaken in a courtroom in a city and country far removed from the actual scenes of the crime.

The reader may well wonder what Miss Arendt could have reported about a trial covered by the press of the whole world and in the glaring light of international publicity that elicited the kinds of attacks the book received in New York, London and Jerusalem; in Zionist and non-Zionist Jewish publications; in all, or almost all, the intellectualist journals of the Left—*Partisan Review, Commentary* and *Dissent.* (Over on the Right the book was favorably received in NATIONAL REVIEW.) Since the probity of the *New Yorker* magazine which assigned her to cover the trial is not in question and since the author's reputation for exacting and original scholarship is amply established, the brutal assault on her personality and on her book is difficult to understand unless one is prepared to agree with Mary McCarthy that some sort of "private inquisition" is responsible for most of the charges hurled at the author of *Eichmann in Jerusalem.*

Miss Arendt, in reporting the trial, found it useful to pose questions and seek answers which the court in Jerusalem was not prepared to ask, and which now her critics are not prepared to answer. Instead, they have reverted to an old, tried and tested polemical method, namely: total abuse.

Her critics were, to begin with, angered by references to the controversial activities of the Jewish Councils (*Judenrat*) in Nazi-occupied Europe. Miss Arendt's point is that their behavior was inextricably bound

***Eichmann***

up with the story of *Eichmann in Jerusalem,* and that therefore she was obliged to present the evidence before her eyes, which suggested not only the evil of one man, but the evil inherent in even the best-intentioned of men. Her critics of the Left, however, did not apparently merely want her to leave things out, but to write into her account certain vague socialist fantasies. If only she had dwelled longer on heroic episodes of Jewish-proletarian resistance to Nazism (Alexander Donat). Knowing, on the other hand, that such episodes were scanty indeed, they suddenly shift the attack and accuse her of demanding the impossible—since nobody really resisted. In fact one of her critics (Norman Podhoretz) finds this whole business of Jewish "opposition" to the Nazis a pretty futile gesture ("all *it* ever did was bring out more German troops"). But before we delve further into this ambivalent passion for socialist rectitude, consider the actual attacks by her critics—on both fronts.

## *Dr. Robinson's Indictment*

These fall largely into "four major areas of concern," to quote her most important Zionist critic and one upon whom most of the others rely. He is Dr. Jacob Robinson, officially identified for us as Coordinator of Research for Four Institutions Dealing with the Holocaust. He has also been variously referred to as a "special assistant to Justice Jackson at the Nuremberg Trials" (Marie Syrkin), and as a "notable historian" (Irving Howe). He has set the tone (if not the style) for much of the criticism.

After defining the "four major areas of concern" (her scholarship, her treatment of Eichmann, her criticism of the judgment in Jerusalem, her charges of Jewish "complicity and cooperation"), Dr. Robinson sets about demolishing the book on all counts. Yet, in a certain sense, he has let his new-found disciples down. There had been expectations that Dr. Robinson would expose "a large number of errors" (Irving Howe); "many errors" (Marie Syrkin); "frequent mis-statements of fact" (Lionel Abel); while one hopeful journalist in Jerusalem was quite sure that the Doctor would come up with "no less than four hundred errors" (Moshe Kohen). Now this is indeed a terrible



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indictment of a serious book written by a responsible scholar, panning out to almost two errors per page! Unfortunately, when Dr. Robinson's documentation was inspected, it turned out to be nothing more than a petty quibble over Miss Arendt's scholarship. The balance of his indictment was a simple misreading of the book and an angry defense of the Jewish Councils, the Ghetto police, and the Jewish commandos.

After a rather florid introduction, Dr. Robinson sets about refuting her scholarship (point one of his indictment) by showing, at least to his own satisfaction, that Miss Arendt refers to "Successor States" (plural) when she should have known that only one "Successor State" (singular) was established by the Treaty of Trianon. Well, against such mighty learning one is, indeed, overawed. Yet one feels a suspicion that even here Miss Arendt is right and her severest critic wrong. It seems Dr. Robinson confuses the word "error" with difference of opinion. Thus, he accuses her of faulty scholarship because "she states baldly . . . 'that it was not until the outbreak of the war . . . that the Nazi regime became openly totalitarian and openly criminal'—a matter of some dispute." Assuming it *is* a matter of "some" dispute doesn't put the lady in error. That sort of thing continues for a thousand words and finally peters out rather petulantly with the assertion that although she lists H. G. Adler's *Theresienstadt* in her bibliography, "it is unlikely" that she can read it.

## *'Banality of Evil'*

Point two (her characterization of Eichmann) is crucial to an understanding of *Eichmann in Jerusalem* since it treats of the "banality of evil"—a phrase which has set her critics' teeth on edge. What Miss Arendt has in mind is neither so complex nor so simple-minded as to warrant the rash of snide allusions cited above. Actually, what she is saying is known to modern psychology and philosophy, subjects about which her critics are for the most part totally uninformed. She is dealing not only with the particular nature of the man Adolf Eichmann, but in a broader sense with the nature of man in general. Was Eichmann some supernatural fiend, as the prosecution insinuated, almost alone responsible for the mass murder of millions? Was he totally evil? Or was he merely the evil agent of a totalitarian system? Evil, indeed, Miss Arendt found him to be, but not the sub- or superhuman personification of the demon his detractors would make him out. Things are just not that simple. And yet Joseph Conrad in a footnote to his unusually perspicacious novel, *Under Western Eyes,* seems to understand it all so well. He comes pretty close to anticipating Miss Arendt when he says: "As to Nikita—a nickname for Necator—he is the perfect flower of the terroristic wilderness. What troubled me most in dealing with him was not his monstrosity but his banality. . . . The most terrifying reflection (I am speaking now for myself) is that all these people are not the product of the exceptional but the general—of the normality of their place, and time, and race." In the novel this concept is amplified: "The belief in a supernatural source of evil is not necessary; men alone are quite capable of every wickedness."

Others before and after Conrad have understood this well enough. It is to Miss Arendt's credit, however, that she has been able to crystallize its meaning for us in an unusually felicitous phrase. Yet her critics have preferred to read into her subtitle all sorts of evil intentions—even some sort of insidious device to clear Eichmann of guilt.

Despite Conrad, Dr. Robinson finds it difficult to understand how Miss Arendt could describe Eichmann as "normal" and even so "capable of sending millions to their doom." But that is just exactly what she means. Of course, if we are to go on believing that only certified devils are capable of evil, then we are doomed not only to re-experience the Nazi terror—we are doomed to relive it in a more hideous form. Man—modern, ordinary, every-day man—is quite capable of all the atrocities served up by a Hitler or a Stalin and still has enough of the demon left in his erring soul to do foul deeds and fashion new crimes. But, of course Dr. Robinson prefers to believe in a vision of man propounded by little Anne Frank. And so he quotes (almost as if patting her gently on her head) the final words of her diary: "I still believe in spite of everything, that people are really good at heart." For a twelve-year-old, the sentiment is genuinely touching. For a grown-up in charge of "coordinating the research activities of four institutions relating to the holocaust" it is a shameless exploitation of bathos on the lowest level of popular television.

The third "major area of concern" that concerns Dr. Robinson is the matter of "her criticism of the judgment in Jerusalem." Since Miss Arendt never argues the contrary, his efforts on behalf of the court can be put down to a nostalgia for an old profession (Dr. Robinson is also an attorney).

## *The Question of Complicity*

It is point four, however, the one about "Jewish complicity" that takes up the bulk of his indictment. And properly, inasmuch as it has been the subject that has seemed to touch the raw nerves of many of her detractors.

To accuse Dr. Robinson of special pleading, in this regard, is to accuse him of nothing. As a distinguished representative of the world Jewish Establishment, he feels it his duty to defend it from critical attack on all fronts. In his eyes the Establishment is sacrosanct. It makes no mistakes. And if it does, they will be corrected—from within. Be that as it may, Dr Robinson, in defense of the indefensible, attempts to exorcise the truth as if it were a demon, in his effort to install the noble legend as the true story of the Holocaust. And since there are some six million dead, there are enough legends to go round to assure official Jewish fund-raising activities for decades to come.

"The greatest evil of *Eichmann in Jerusalem,*" he writes, "perhaps the ultimate cruelty to be imposed on the dead—is the author's theme that European Jews were guilty of complicity in their own destruction. . . . Along with this, Dr. Arendt makes the charge that the leaders cooperated by helping compile lists of deportees . . . by seeking means for their own survival at the expense of others. . . . This sort of hypothetical speculation . . . is based on ignorance. The ignorance is understandable: the bibliography of *Eichmann in Jerusalem* indicates that the author could



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not use first-hand sources . . . written in Hebrew, Yiddish, Polish and Hungarian. Thus lost to her completely are the rich literature of memoirs and the impressive array of monographs on such Ghettos as Warsaw, Vilna, Kovno, Bialystok, Lodz, Cracow and Siauliai." (It is not made clear why this material should be "lost to her completely" since much of it is available in translation—even though the point is unsubtly rubbed in that Miss Arendt is unfamiliar with the East European languages mentioned, especially Yiddish.)

As for the charge of "hypothetical speculation" about the activities of the Jewish Councils, let us take a look at the Council (*Judenrat*) in Warsaw through the eyes of the diarist Joshua Perle:

"The *Judenrat* was created essentially to facilitate the main job of the Germans: to destroy 300,000 Jews." (Perle had no way of knowing that the Ghetto population had swelled to almost 500,000 by the time he was taken away to perish in the gas chambers of Auschwitz.) We shall come back to this diary later when we take up the role of the leaders of the Councils, but we shall quote a bit more now since what Joshua Perle, Yiddish writer once fairly well known in literary Warsaw, has to say, is worth listening to. "Three hundred thousand Jews went to the slaughter like sheep. . . . It would have been possible to defend ourselves, not to let ourselves be slaughtered like so many stupid oxen." "It would not have been an easy task to the murderer to kill us all." "The greatest Jewish community played a very shameful role in its own destruction. So shameful, that those who stood at the head of this community deserved to be hung—each and every one of them from the nearest street pole."

After this, what Hannah Arendt actually said reads like an anti-climax. Here are her exact words, words which stick like a bone in the throat of the experts at first hand in the cafés and research centers in New York: "To a Jew this role of the Jewish leaders in the destruction of their own people is undoubtedly the darkest chapter of the whole dark story." That is the way it seemed to Joshua Perle—but not to those who would turn darkness into light without the aid of divine guidance.

What makes Dr. Robinson's efforts suspect (so far as his scholarship is concerned) is that he assumes that not only is Miss Arendt "ignorant" but that everybody is either ignorant or lazy and will not take the trouble to seek out the facts. Thus he has the effrontery to accuse her of relying *solely* on Eichmann's testimony for her statement on the activities of the Jewish Councils. There *is* a literature that literally reeks with the perfidious deeds of the members of these Councils. Why conceal it? Worse, why assume it isn't there?

We shall return to Warsaw later, but here are some observations—from first-hand sources—on the leadership of these Councils in other Ghettos:

The *Judenrat* in Cracow was hated by the Jews because "it carried out *blindly* the commands of the Germans."

The *Judenrat* of Lemberg "existed *only* for the purpose of serving the enemy."

The *Judenrat* of Lodz "helped the Germans terrorize the Jews of the Ghetto." (Cited by Zosa Szaikowski in *Origins of the UGIF*, Jewish Social Studies, July, 1947.)

Now if the various Councils "carried out the commands" of the Germans; if they obeyed the enemy *blindly;* if they helped "terrorize" the Jews; if they ordered Jews to appear at the preparation centers for deportation—just what purpose is served in denying the evidence of literally dozens of diarists, commentators, living and dead witnesses whose material is available and which screams with anguish that Hannah Arendt is telling the truth—and that Dr. Robinson, for all his vaunted credentials, is creating fiction!

## *A Living Witness*

Having cited the evidence of one dead witness to the infamy of the Jewish Council in Warsaw, we shall now cite the evidence of a living witness. Dr. David Wdowinski is a psychiatrist who teaches at the New School for Social Research. He is also the author of *And We Are Not Saved*, a chronicle of the resistance in the Warsaw Ghetto in which he took a leading part as political organizer of the Military Organization Warsaw (MOW). His report is all the more convincing as it compares most accurately with the daily reports of General Stroop whose job it was to destroy the Ghetto. Dr. Wdowinski was decorated by the French *maquis* for his activities in the Warsaw fighting and the official French Government report of the events relies to a considerable degree on his evidence. His testimony is all the more valuable as it bears directly on the subject of Hannah Arendt's book, since he was a government witness in Jerusalem. (After the trial, he refunded his travel expenses to Israel since the prosecution had found so little use for his testimony. As it turned out, Dr. Wdowinski—quite independent of Miss Arendt and in startling corroboration of her premise—had come to the conclusion that Eichmann "was merely a cog in a machine." An important cog, be it said, but a cog nevertheless, not the *deus ex machina* of total evil the prosecution made him out to be.) To quote Dr. Wdowinski:

"Soon after the occupation the Germans created the *Judenrat*. Outwardly, it was supposed to be a form of self-government. Actually, it was the most devilish plan to have the bestial decrees and inhuman punishments upon the Jewish masses meted out by their fellow Jews."

But Dr. Robinson is still not convinced of "Jewish complicity." And he sounds genuinely outraged at the suggestion that the Jewish Councils had any authority "over the Jewish police." But Dr. Wdowinski tells us that "with the help of the *Judenrat*, the Jewish police was created." The fact is that if it had not been for the Jewish police acting under orders of the Warsaw Ghetto *Judenrat*, ten



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times as many Jews might have been spared the holocaust. "I am convinced," writes Dr. Wdowinski, "that aside from total annihilation of the Ghetto, the Jewish police was the single institution in the Ghetto that was responsible for the needless murder of thousands of Jews who would not have been found by the Germans without their help." This one statement alone bears out Miss Arendt's contention that if there had been less organization—no Councils, no Jewish police—millions would still certainly have perished, but not the four and a half to six million Jews that were exterminated. The statistical evidence is easily demonstrated. In Warsaw alone where only 300 survived out of some 500,000 in the Ghetto, the facts are (according to Dr. Wdowinski) that thousands—3,000?—might have been saved. Repeat that statistic throughout all the Ghettos and other communities of Europe and Miss Arendt's seemingly off-hand remark becomes a brilliant flash of insight. But the dead cannot be brought back to life. Certainly not the forgotten dead. Those who are today remembered and honored are the very ones whose memories—in the words of Joshua Perle—were better "blotted out forever."

## *Council Leaders*

Dr. Robinson is most caustic when he takes up the defense of the leaders of the Jewish Councils mentioned in rather unflattering terms by Miss Arendt. In this, too, he is joined by many of the other critics, especially Mr. Podhoretz, who sneers at her remark, "We know the physiognomies of the Jewish leaders during the Nazi period very well." ("Do we, now?" he asks Miss Arendt.) Of course she had in mind such leaders as Chaim Rumkowski. About this worthy who has found his defenders at last in well-situated journals of Zionist, secularist and leftist opinion in New York it is worth learning this:

Chaim Rumkowski, chief of the *Judenrat* and King of the Ghetto (self-proclaimed) was also the Pied Piper of Lodz. In that capacity he gathered the children of the Ghetto and cared for them until that fatal day in September, 1942, when "he handed them over to the Germans to be liquidated. . . ."

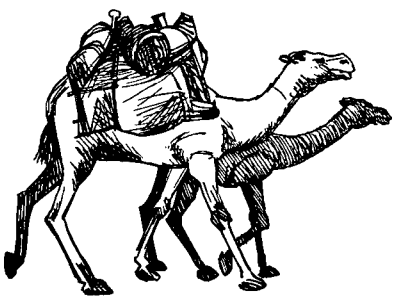
The above is quoted from *Lodzer Ghetto* (in Yiddish) by Isaiah Trunk. So are these extracts:

> In February, 1941, a children's demonstration took place in front of *Judenrat* chieftain Chaim Rumkowski's house. They carried placards reading, "Rumkowski, you are our misfortune." A spokesman then delivered a speech on the plight of the children of the Ghetto; about the suffering and starvation of the children. When the young demonstrators approached the market place, they were dispersed by the Jewish police.
>
> In order to assure for himself unlimited power, he selected as his advisers people without character, who would offer blind obedience. These were largely made up of criminal elements.
>
> In a speech which he delivered on September 4, 1942, during the deportation of the sick, the young and the aged, he expressed himself as willing freely to hand over the victims to the Nazi moloch with the explanation that each decree of the Nazis must be weighed separately—his rationale being that only those that can be saved should be saved—and not those who cannot be saved at all.

What is significant here is that Rumkowski decided who *should* and *could* be saved. Naturally, Council leader Rumkowski assured those whom he had not yet dispatched to an early grave that, in any case, "nothing tragic would happen to those deported."

An eye-witness reports that when Rumkowski delivered the speech he began to cry and could not continue. "However, he sent his own Jewish police and the Jewish fire-brigade to tear the children from their mothers' arms and he ordered the director of the children's colony in Marishin to gather all the children and prepare them for deportation."

Similar portraits of other leaders of the various Jewish Councils (not all of them, by any means) can be drawn from the available literature. For instance, Mordecai Tanenbaum in a report to the Palestine Histradut says that the Councils "were either degenerates to begin with or they became such when they entered the *Judenrat*, except for three"—and these are his only exceptions—"Engineer Czerniakov of Warsaw, Barach of Bialystok and Dr. Braver of Drobno." All right, nobody said all were evil collaborators. It is enough to stick with those cited by Miss Arendt and defended by her critics.



One more thing. In his most uncontrolled outburst, Dr. Robinson accused Miss Arendt of deliberate falsehood. His exact words are "hideous falsehood." And this because Miss Arendt had cited the evidence of witnesses at the trial implicating the Jewish commandos in the actual killing of Jews in the extermination centers. We should like to refute Dr. Robinson in some detail. But it is sufficient to agree with him for once when he concedes that these Jewish commandos "were the most pitiable wretches in the world. . . ." However, they did help in the gassing and torturing of their fellow inmates. And it was so attested to by witnesses at the trial (37th session, pp.yy 1). Those interested in Dr. Robinson and the commandos are invited to read the material for themselves. Dr. Miklos Nyisli has written about them clinically from personal observation. Another fascinating little book one may consult is Philip Friedman's *This Was Oswiecim* (Auschwitz).

## *Other Critics Follow*

Except for some minimal variations on the theme, almost all her critics have taken issue with the book on much the same grounds as Dr. Robinson. While this is understandable behavior on the part of Zionist or interested Jewish commentators, it does not explain the rancor, say, of Alexander Donat's piece in *Judaism;* or Lionel Abel's brutal attack in *Partisan Review;* or Norman Podhoretz's criticism and Irving Howe's letter in *Commentary* in which Howe identifies Robinson as a "notable historian."

Last things first, it is worth, perhaps, a moment or two to see how a "notable historian" writes. In his review of the book for Hadassah,



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Dr. Robinson informs the membership that Hannah Arendt attacks everybody—"the panel of judges, the attorney general, the defense counsel, the witnesses, Ben-Gurion, Israel, Zionism, Jews, Germans. The only figure to escape her wrath is Adolf Eichmann."

Does anyone (who has read the book) really believe that this is what *Eichmann in Jerusalem* is all about?

***Ben-Gurion***

Does Eichmann *really* escape her "wrath"? Does Miss Arendt attack Jews—not just some Jews—but Jews in the aggregate? Does she attack Zionism—the witnesses—the judges? Is this the way history is written, Mr. Howe? Or is it the biased outpouring of an angry propagandist?

Meanwhile, Norman Podhoretz in *Commentary* (like Trevor-Roper) wishes the whole damned issue hadn't come up at all, an argument easy to understand when stated in the *London Times*, but hard to explain when uttered in the pages of "a journal of significant thought and opinion on Jewish affairs . . ." as it says in the journal's Statement of Aims. "The Nazis destroyed a third of the Jewish people. In the name of all that is humane," he pleads, "will the remnant never let up on itself?" I am afraid not. Even if Podhoretz thinks that Russia may be developing into a modern democratic state, still, its passion for tolerance has not yet reached the point where it regards Jews as other than types in a Nazi-Soviet cartoon. So one may as well be wary of the "liberalizing tendencies" he discerns in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Otherwise the "remnant" which troubles him may soon find itself shrunken by another third. That is why these soul-searchings are necessary. And it will do no good pretending that bygones are bygones, so why worry over guilt and innocence and the nature of evil. Nor will a new apologetics for appeasement help either despite what "many historians [unnamed] have pointed out." But fair is fair. He does *not* believe that Miss Arendt defends Eichmann "as some of her critics have stupidly charged . . . ," among them Dr. Robinson who was gowned in the mantle of "notable historian" in Mr. Podhoretz's own magazine.

## *Mr. Abel's Accusation*

We have left Mr. Lionel Abel for the last because he is both the most vituperative of her critics and the least informed. For his "facts" he relies almost wholly on Miss Syrkin and Dr. Robinson. His own contribution, aside from unmitigated arrogance, is the discovery that Hannah Arendt's whole thesis about the Jewish Councils is wrong since in Russia (the Ukraine?) where there were no such Councils, the Nazis killed about as many Jews as elsewhere. To point out that "in most Ukrainian towns a *Judenrat* was created solely for the purpose of an extermination action," as Gerald Reitlinger tells us, would be to take Mr. Abel too seriously. It isn't necessary to refute his fantasies with logic and to point out (as others have) that in Russia the Germans killed Jews, Ukrainians, Russians at will without the *need*—by and large—to get up special Councils to aid them in their deportation efforts. But where they needed them they established them except where there was no Jewish leadership to aid and abet them. That is the unhappy fact and that is the point Miss Arendt makes in her book. However, it is worth citing one piece of evidence in which Mr. Abel, a novice in the practice of borrowing information from professionals, really gets himself involved beyond his depth.

With the temerity that comes only with ignorance, Abel accuses Miss Arendt of producing "false" figures in her account of Rudolph Kastner's collaboration with Eichmann. Let it be said that in Kastner Abel has found an ally worthy of his defense.

"Kastner," he writes (*Partisan Review*, Summer, 1963), "negotiated the ransom of certain Jews, but this did not involve the sacrifice of *a single Jewish life* . . ." ". . . moreover his ransoming operations had *nothing whatever to do with the deportations and exterminations directed by Eichmann.*" (My emphasis.) In this instance, it were better to let Eichmann have the last word in reply to Abel:

"In obedience to Himmler's directive," Eichmann informs us, "I now concentrated on negotiations with the Jewish political officials in Budapest. . . . Among them Dr. Rudolph Kastner, authorized representative of the Zionist movement. This Dr. Kastner was a young man about my age, an ice-cold type and fanatical Zionist. He agreed to keep the Jews from resisting deportation—and even keep order in the collection camps if I would close my eyes and let a few hundred or a few thousand young Jews emigrate illegally to Palestine. It was a good bargain. . . . We trusted each other perfectly. . . . 'You can have the others,' he would say, 'but let me have this group here.'" (No emphasis needed.)

## *Miss Arendt's Reply*

But what could the Czerniakovs, the Rumkowskis, the Kastners do, it has been argued? If they didn't collaborate Jews would be killed (although it is Miss Arendt's thesis, substantiated by some observers on the scene, that not as many would have been killed in that case) and if they did, they were killed just the same. In this connection it is worth quoting Miss Arendt's reply to Professor Gershom Scholem (*Encounter*, January, 1964) who persists in arguing a point she doesn't make: Why didn't the Jews resist? She answers him tellingly that if it wasn't possible to resist, there still "existed the possibility of *doing nothing*. And in order to do nothing, one did not have to be a saint, one needed only to say: I am a simple Jew, and I have no desire to play any other role." Quite so. After all, one did not have to join the *Judenrat*—or enlist in the Jewish police!

It is obvious from all the above that Miss Arendt has not only stated



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the case fairly as to facts, but that many of her insights, too, have been supported by observers at first hand. Why then the fury—especially from the Left?

## *Partisan Violence*

It has been suggested to me that certain socialist circles have become disillusioned with Miss Arendt on three counts. First, they want to downgrade her classic study, *The Origins of Totalitarianism,* because it seems to preclude an accommodation with Soviet totalitarianism. (Their point being that *Origins* fails to account for Khrushchev's "thaw" and the "liberalizing tendencies" visible, at least, to Norman Podhoretz.) Second, they were quite unhappy and displeased with her book, *On Revolution* (and have given it the silent treatment), because it points up the terror inherent in all "social" (as distinguished from "political") revolutions. Third, because of her article on the 1954 Supreme Court decision which challenged the notion that adult social problems could be resolved at the expense of children. These are reasons enough, especially the third, since the Liberal-leftist coalition has at last found a cause to adopt which sounds terribly "progressive" and "revolutionary" and which costs them nothing.

Yet all this is not enough to explain the partisan violence of their anger. A closer study of her book will reveal that despite all wishful thinking, the secular Jewish Socialist proletarian did *not* rebel, did *not* fight back—did, in fact, go peaceably to his doom along with his middleclass, upperclass and God-oriented brothers.

Daniel Bell, obviously incensed (as was Miss McCarthy) at the know-nothing antics of Lionel Abel, felt it his duty to come to the aid of the author in an article in *Partisan Review*. In so doing, he argues more in nostalgia than in fact that the reason why the Polish Jews rebelled was that unlike their West European brothers, they were proletarianized Jews with a strong socialist tradition. Now this, if Professor Bell will forgive me, is just plain nonsense. In Warsaw, when the so-called uprising took place, some 99 per cent of the Jewish population had already been exterminated. The 1 per cent (or fewer) who did decide to make a last-ditch stand against their exterminators was made up largely of young Jews. Of these it would be fair to estimate that at least one half were members of the Zionist-Revisionist organization, followers of Vladimir Jabotinsky, whose tradition was a militant nationalism—*not* Socialism. (In the entire "uprising" it is questionable whether more than a few hundred Nazis were killed or wounded.)

The question that remains is why certain socialist and leftist and secular Jewish intellectuals in New York and elsewhere felt called upon to rely—as they never did before—on official Zionist propaganda for *their* attacks on *Eichmann in Jerusalem.*

The partial answer given here is that much of what Miss Arendt is saying in her book points clearly to the fact that not only was the socialist movement a failure so far as stopping Hitler was concerned, it was an even more dismal failure in helping to root out the cancer of anti-Semitism from among the masses of Eastern and Western Europe. And it will do no good to argue the case for a "rational" (Rumanian, bribe-taking) anti-Semitism versus the "irrational" (German, principled) anti-Semitism as Norman Podhoretz does. It is better to agree with Sartre (in this case) when he tells us that all anti-Semitism leads "to the *death* of the Jews" (his emphasis). It may be physical death in a gas-chamber—or the spiritual death demanded in the Soviet Union and by *all* (non-Zionist) socialists. In either case the Jews—as Jews—must cease to exist. That is why one would look in vain in the socialist-Trotskyist-leftist-press of the Nazi period for a single clear-cut statement on the root passion of Hitlerism—its total commitment to the destruction of the Jews.

For instance, the middle-aged intellectuals who today edit *Dissent* (and contribute to *Commentary* and write for *Partisan Review*) never once in their Trotskyite youth thought to question the master about his repudiation not only of his own identity as a Jew ("I am not a Jew." Trotsky once declared, fooling only himself, not Stalin or Hitler) but of all Jews for whose fate—as Jews—he didn't care a damn.

## *Few Heroes*

How cozy it all might have been if Hannah Arendt had gone along with the Israeli prosecutor and found Eichmann uniquely guilty of most of the crimes committed against the Jews of Europe. Then one could sit back and ponder in peace the devil theory of history which always provides the proper scapegoat for one's own guilty conscience—or incompetence. But the facts (and Miss Arendt) combined to upset this daydream which wanted so much to find a working class behaving the way the little red song-book said they should behave—marching hand in hand to save their proletarian Jewish brothers from the inferno. But they didn't.

Thus, having hoped to salvage something from the holocaust—if only an imaginary heroism on the part of Europe's proletariat—her socialist critics find a book with very few heroes (only isolated, individual instances are cited of any heroism at all) but with collaborators aplenty from all ranks and all parties and all faiths. Instead of massive resistance—or even massive non-resistance—one finds (if only one looks hard enough) the story of how Europe's working classes—especially in Germany, where the so-called workers' parties had enjoyed a monopoly of indoctrination and organization—went about their tasks of helping to exterminate an entire people without once stopping to consult the teachings of the fathers: Karl Marx's *On the Jewish Question* or Karl Kautsky's *Are the Jews a Race?* Or maybe they did?

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (November 3)

Edwin McDowell
BARRY GOLDWATER

Goldwater maintains that the frenetic U. S. desire to push the nuclear genie back in the bottle, rather than adapt its awesome energies to national defense and to peacetime use, is a syndrome of which the Test-Ban Treaty . . . is perhaps the principal symptom.



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## The Third World War

# *The Hand on the Trigger*

JAMES BURNHAM

Woodrow Wilson won the 1916 election on the slogan, "He Kept Us Out of War." Six weeks after his inauguration in March 1917, we entered the First World War. Twenty-four years later Franklin Roosevelt won the 1940 election by giving his pledge—"again and again and again"—that he would never send American boys to fight overseas. Less than a year after his inauguration in January 1941, they were on their way. Last week, another twenty-four years later, Lyndon Johnson won the 1964 election by attacking his opponent as trigger-happy and offering himself as the keeper of the peace. It would surely be a monumental irony if once again, under a leader chosen on a peace platform, we are off to war *x* months after his inauguration.

*Burnham*

There are historians who believe it more than coincidence that the time span between 1917 and 1941 (more fundamentally, between 1914 and 1940) is approximately that of a human generation. They think that over most of history a sizable war tends to occur about that often. In a quarter century, the old generation, which had experienced and fought a war—*its* war—gives way to younger, bolder, ambitious men who want to change things; and in the course of changing them, either choose voluntarily, or stumble into, war—*their* war.

The same cyclical point can be made in terms of institutions. A sizable war results in an institutional settlement that reflects the varying fortunes of the combatants as well as social shifts that war catalyzes. The settlement and the equilibrium it defines, last a while, but all things human change. As changes deepen, they wrench the established institutional framework; the equilibrium is dissolved and the settlement disrupted. War is part of that process of disruption.

### *Time For a Change*

On theoretical grounds, thus, it would not be surprising if there were a war in the course of the Johnson-Humphrey Administration. But apart from theory, it is manifest that the global equilibrium has in fact become unstable: as sufficient witness, French policy, the African explosion, the Chinese nuclear bomb, and the disarray of the grand alliances.

For all the official praise of moderation and the pious horror at brinkmanship, the U.S. has during the past two years advanced to the brink more closely and more often than in John Foster Dulles' day: in, for example, the Cuban missile affair, the Himalayan clash, Cyprus, Zanzibar, Indonesia-Malaysia; and of course Vietnam, where we are perched half over the brink. These repeated crises, each of them bringing to bear powerful military elements poised for action, and sometimes in action, express the fact that diplomatic measures can no longer contain the forces now disturbing the global equilibrium.

Judge the possibilities by common sense: does it not seem likely that one of the brink episodes will get out of hand? Cyprus is a strategic key to the eastern Mediterranean. Suppose the Turks had invaded—they did, after all, bombard —and the Cypriots plus the Greeks had fought back with Russian help. Could our Sixth Fleet have stood aloof? When ships and aircraft are shooting the way ours were in the Gulf of Tonkin, you can't always stop what you have started. Can you fail to react, without suffering an unacceptable setback, when dozens of your expensive aircraft, not to speak of citizens' lives, are destroyed by enemy attack? Will we permit ourselves to be pushed out of Southeast Asia and the western Pacific? Sometimes the situation itself takes charge.

So Lyndon Johnson, though having won the election as a peace monger, may, like his two political forebears, find himself one day a war President. The war would not necessarily be, or become, an all-out nuclear exchange, but it might be rather formidable. And we cannot be sure a nuclear weapon of one sort or another won't be tried. There are a lot of nuclear weapons around nowadays, and a lot of kinds of nuclear weapons, and there are going to be more. If you are fighting, and have plenty of nuclear gear, and a nuclear weapon seems appropriate or necessary to your purpose, it is going to be hard to forgo using it; almost impossible if you otherwise face a major loss. This means, probably, a smaller, tailored, tactical device rather than a high yield weapon used strategically. It does not follow, as the theory of escalation holds, that the one must lead to the other; but it might. Herman Kahn has suggested that men will not be sufficiently convinced that strategic nuclear bombs must not be used until they use one.

### *Puppet or Master?*

But Lyndon Johnson has put Peace first on his program, and has pledged moderation, coexistence, convergence, has he not? Under him there might be appeasement and retreat, but how could there be war? Well, a lot of the talk of a political campaign vanishes quickly in the stormy winds of change. Lyndon Johnson may be "power mad," as his critics and some of his friends feel, and no doubt he has a swelled head at the moment, but his idea of power is rather petty. In the big arena, he is more the puppet than the master of events. In the Great Society—that is, the age of the masses—there is not much that any individual can do to control what happens; and it has always been of the essence of Mr. Johnson's political style to keep himself afloat by yielding to the pressures, not by resisting. We would have a better chance to limit the approaching war if we had as President a man who understood that in this past generation we have never really been at peace.



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# *Disarming the Air Waves*

**Why has the USSR stopped jamming most Western broadcasts? Because, says the author, what is being carried today is the kind of news the Kremlin thinks is fit to be heard**

E. SCHLOSSER

For a year or more, the Western press has noted with approval that the Soviet Union is no longer jamming "Voice of America" and BBC broadcasts. Poland was the first of the satellites to stop the costly practice; the Soviet Union gradually followed suit, and now Hungary, Bulgaria, Rumania, East Germany and Czechoslovakia have also reduced their jamming to a minimum. A lot of nonsense has been written about the increasing amount of good will toward the West thus shown by the Soviet leadership.

What Western newspaper readers are not told is that the cutback in jamming followed a change in broadcasting policy by the West. Newscasts and comments that could antagonize the Communist rulers are few and far between these days as VOA and BBC plug the late President Kennedy's "reduction of tension" line.

The result has been that the people of the Captive Nations are gradually being reduced to a mood of quiet desperation and hopelessness, as criticism and debunking of their overlords dries up and is being replaced by "objective" praise of the "genuine achievements" of the builders of socialism. Criticism is generally restricted to unimportant "errors in planning," exaggerations through "excessive zeal" and "inexperience." The editors and newscasters of the West are, either voluntarily, or under instructions, following almost exactly the Communist party line of "self-criticism": the Communist system itself is never opposed although its agents can be criticized for misapplication of Communist government directives.

The latest and most serious step taken by the U. S. Government in this campaign of moral disarmament was the decision, some months ago, to close down all long-wave transmissions of RIAS (Radio in the American Sector of Berlin), in spite of warnings and protests by the West German Government. RIAS was founded in 1949, during the Berlin blockade, under sponsorship of the U. S. Government.

## *Taming RIAS*

People in the Soviet Zone and in Poland and Czechoslovakia, where the German language is understood, had listened to RIAS by the million despite the danger involved, because they saw in the often brash and always fearless work of the RIAS reporters and commentators proof that their longing for freedom and justice had not been forgotten in the West. Before the Berlin Wall was erected visitors to West Berlin would often dictate horrifying reports about conditions in their home districts and factories to RIAS reporters, who used the information only after their informers had gotten safely home. RIAS collected and published in book form the best and most lively reports on the East German rising in 1953.

It continued to broadcast effectively until the summer of 1960. When President Eisenhower, in the "Spirit of Camp David" went to the Paris Summit Conference, RIAS suddenly stopped its transmissions for a short period. Although when Khrushchev sabotaged the Paris conference over the U-2 affair, RIAS resumed its transmissions, they were never quite the same. They had become noticeably tamer and more circumspect in their criticism of the Communist monolith. In 1961, when the Berlin Wall was built, RIAS became more lively for a short while, only to degenerate some weeks later into an extremely careful copy of the "Voice of America," whose original brilliance and keenness of news presentation and commentary had long since vanished.

An important sister transmitter to RIAS is "Radio Liberation." Based in Munich, it uses a number of other transmitters both in Europe and in Asia (for transmitting to Soviet Asia). Most of its programs are in Russian, but some are in Ukrainian, Byelorussian and other languages and dialects of the Soviet Empire. So effective has Radio Liberation been that the USSR spent a great deal of money and effort to drown out its transmissions. Moreover, a Soviet assassin was hired and ordered to kill two of its most important Ukrainian collaborators. (The murderer, after successfully completing his mission, then defected and surrendered to the West German police, so that his confession is now part of a German Supreme Court record.)

## *Diefenbaker Strikes Back*

When Khrushchev attacked Western "imperialism" and "colonialism" before the UN General Assembly in 1960 John Diefenbaker, then Prime Minister of Canada, counter-attacked by citing the cruelties and misdeeds of Soviet colonial oppression, notably in the Ukraine. Radio Liberation and Radio Free Europe filled their programs for three days with constant repetitions of Diefenbaker's accusations and demands for freedom for the Ukraine.

The effect of this attack was fantastic: Khrushchev himself immediately demanded an adjournment of the General Assembly. He ordered the so-called Ukrainian Prime Minister, a certain Podgorny, to New York, to give forth a lengthy encomium on the blessings of Soviet "democracy" in the Ukraine. Radio Liberation, of course, was blanketed with the most massive radio interference by transmitters not only of the Soviet Union but of all the European satellites. In the Ukraine, an



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aerial counter-offensive was mounted: letters to the editor, radio speeches, commentaries were broadcast; village headmen, kolkhoz chairmen, even poor frightened Jewish rabbis and Catholic priests (most Ukrainians are Roman Catholics of the "uniate church") were dragged to the microphones to spell out what wonderful lives they led under the glorious and humane rule of the Soviets. But none of this counter-propaganda was for home consumption in the non-Ukrainian parts of the Soviet Empire.

Unfortunately, there was never a follow-up to Mr. Diefenbaker's highly effective attack. (Diefenbaker had taken the trouble to have himself briefed by the Ukrainian communities in Canada, but no other Western statesman has ever emulated his example.) And Radio Liberation has, since then, lost most of its original zest and bite.

### *Decline of Radio Free Europe*

Radio Free Europe, officially the instrument of a private association of American citizens but, in fact, also closely controlled and supervised by the State Department, is playing perhaps the saddest role of the lot today. It was established in 1951 to give a voice to the politicians and fighters for freedom who had been forced to flee from the "People's Democracies" of Europe, in the Communist putsches of 1947-49 in order to keep the spirit of liberty alive in their native countries.

When Radio Free Europe tried to live up to this mission during the Polish revolt of April 1956 and the Hungarian revolution of October-November 1956, by informing both nations and the whole Eastern Bloc of true happenings, it was bitterly attacked by a pack of journalistic and political hyenas. Its hapless editors and commentators were accused of having kindled the illusion among the revolutionaries that the West would come to their aid, and thus causing unnecessary bloodshed. They were suspected of having become the "tools of Polish and Hungarian reactionaries and fascists," who wanted to draw the West into a war against the Soviet Union. An "investigation" of transcripts of the RFE transmissions during the Hungarian revolution was instigated, during which the phrasings of certain news reports and re-broadcasts of Hungarian revolutionary appeals (originating from Budapest) were criticized as "pure warmongering."

No one came to the defense of the luckless Poles, Hungarians, Rumanians, Czechs, Slovaks and Bulgarians who had manned the editorial offices in Munich practically day and night. Certain writers were sacked, and others warned that they would, from now on, be under the strictest American censorship. Since then, Radio Free Europe has become a sorry travesty on free broadcasting and consequently suffers little from Communist-manufactured interference.

The "Voice of America" and the transmissions of the BBC in East European languages, naturally, are even more openly neutralist and accommodating, and the managers of both proudly report to their masters and overseers, the State Department and the Foreign Office, that their transmissions are getting through practically undisturbed.

The irony is that the West is dismantling one of its most potent psy-war weapons at the moment when the East is mounting a new offensive of radio and television propaganda directed at the nearly one million foreign workers in Germany, France and Belgium.

## Letter from London

# *The Great Bore*

COLM BROGAN

A south of England working man told an election canvasser that he meant to vote Tory because of his new neighbors. They had come from the north of England and they let their dog out far too early in the morning. There was a wild surrealistic logic behind his argument. He assumed all Northerners to be Socialists, and if Socialists disturbed his sleep they must be politely punished.

On the other hand an enthusiastic Socialist supported his local candidate by displaying a window poster with the slogan "Keep Barry out," Barry being an American gentleman called Goldwater who was not known to be contesting the seat. It is a comfort to reflect that this cogent and ruthlessly relevant political thinker is a professor of education.

In between these extremes there was an almost complete vacuum. Our election deserves to go down in the record as The Great Bore of the Century. There were no clear issues, there was no clash of principle and there was not even a serious clash of policy.

### *Tory 'Costing'*

The Tories put forward a recklessly optimistic program of investment and expansion. They proudly boasted that, in contrast to Labor promises, their program had been "costed." This used to be the decisive difference between the parties, with Labor paying no attention to keeping the books straight. It was a valid and valuable card to play in the past, but this time was thrown away. For the costs that the Tories had costed were rising even while the campaign was on, and the "costing" was based on the assumption of a 4 per cent economic growth each year and every year. This is a conceivable possibility though it has never happened in this century. The Tories committed themselves to largely irreversible expendi-

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tures much as a man might plan his future investment on the assumption that his treble bet on the Saratoga races would come up.

The Socialists, of course, were enormously worse. Their outbidding program, carefully uncosted, was based on the assumption of a steady growth rate of 6 or 6.5 per cent a year. We had the choice of Tory Micawberism and plain Socialist economic lunacy. "The people have the right to make their own mistakes." The people exercised that right. They voted for lunacy.

## *Empty Platitudes*

The campaign was intellectually contemptible. Each side relied on boss words and empty abstractions, such as "modernization," "dynamism" and "purposeful prosperity." There are many causes of Britain's economic valetudinarianism; and nepotism and the most commonly advanced, the old school tie, are the least of them. There is slack management and the search for easy pickings in the fat domestic market, to the detriment of exports. But by far the most important of our ills is a fantastic waste and misuse of labor. In industry after industry two men and sometimes three are doing the work of one. There is often stubborn resistance to the introduction of labor-saving machinery and still more often a deliberate underuse of the machinery once introduced. That is why our exporting firms are often undercut by American firms paying more than twice the British level of wages. This gross scandal was delicately skirted round, with Socialists concentrating on empty platitudes and rancorous class slogans and Tories concentrating simply on platitudes.

They also gained by a common agreement to ignore the racial issue, although in certain areas the feeling is intense and steadily mounting. This fascinating subject requires an article in itself. Americans are lucky. They have only one race problem. We have a good half dozen. Alderman Griffiths, a pugnacious Tory candidate, ignored the agreement. He stood for Smethwick, a grim Midland industrial constituency which contains six thousand Pakistanis who are deeply unloved. To the hysterical rage of Progressives he insisted on talking about them. The Progressives demanded that Sir Alec repudiate this hate-monger and rabble-rouser. He mildly refused to do anything of the kind. The Alderman was challenging the amiable and scholarly Patrick Gordon Walker, now Foreign Secretary, who had held the seat in 1959 with a comfortable majority of three thousand five hundred. The reputed national anti-Tory "swing" should have enabled him to double that figure. He was beaten by nearly two thousand. If other Tory candidates had not swept the color question under the carpet, Sir Alec would still be in Downing Street.

Sir Alec emerged from the campaign as what he fundamentally is, a Scottish gentleman, while Harold Wilson merely confirmed that neither

adjective nor noun applied to him. But the election as a whole was dull, dull, dull.

However, the opinion experts provided some necessary light relief. The three opinion polls contradicted themselves and each other so wildly that they became a joke. Even better was the performance of the television experts who interpreted the results as they came in. The BBC put on its familiar double-turn of David Butler, the mathematical wizard, and Robert McKenzie, the Canadian who appears to be just a wizard in general.

## *Butler's Waterloo*

Butler began by telling us that Billericay would be the first result to be declared and that that alone would give us a firm knowledge of the total result, because Britain was such a homogeneous country that the swing was always uniform everywhere. He announced this as if he were reminding us of the law of gravity, but he added a cautionary note. He could not be *quite* sure of accurately predicting the general result until three constituencies had declared. But three would be quite enough. No expert could ask for more.

The first declaration came from Cheltenham, not Billericay, and it proved nothing in particular. Neither did the second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh declaration. Robert McKenzie produced a large toy pendulum to illustrate the swing, as if he were teaching an infant class. That pendulum gave him a lot of trouble as the night wore on, for it became afflicted with St. Vitus' Dance. The invariably uniform swing cost Henry Brooke 8,000 of his 10,000 majority in Hampstead. That swing should have spelt death and destruction to Ian Gimmour, proprietor of the *Spectator* (editor Iain McLeod) for he had won an East Anglian by-election with a beggarly majority of under three hundred. He held the seat with a majority of more than six thousand. Neighboring constituencies produced opposite swings. Shades of depression began to gather on David Butler's mild and academic brow and like Napoleon throwing in the Old Guard at Waterloo he threw in the BBC computer. And it was Waterloo over again. At different times the computer predicted Labor majorities ranging from nearly 60 to nil. Toiling manfully, Butler and McKenzie settled for a Labor majority in the low forties. But they were not settled for long. The majority sank to the thirties and then to the twenties. The actual majority, of course, was four. It was a tough night for the witch doctors.

It was also a tough result for Harold Wilson. He can hardly be pleased with the electorate that has pressed down upon the brow of Labor this crown of thorns. Nor has he much reason to be pleased with himself. For two years the Tory party had been losing by-elections as if they were coins dropping through a hole in the pocket. Only a year before the party had nearly destroyed itself by defying its own rule of privacy at all costs and waging a political knife-fight for the leadership. In spite of these uncovenanted benefits, the Labor party's popular actually dropped a little. The Liberals added 50 per cent to their poll and deserved better than nine seats in Parliament.

What happens now? Osbert Lan-

**(Continued on p. 1032)**



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# From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

## *Informing Foreign Journalists about America*

During the late Presidential campaign, the pronounced and often vituperative hostility of most of the foreign press toward Senator Goldwater scarcely was a surprising phenomenon. The same newspapers had subjected Robert Taft to similar treatment, a dozen years earlier — and had been sincerely surprised at the eulogies of Senator Taft in even the Liberal American papers when that statesman died.

*Kirk*

This heaping of abuse upon whatever American political candidates seem markedly "American" is a symptom of a profound misunderstanding of American institutions and character by most journalists abroad. In part, it is a deliberate misunderstanding—the sour reaction of European and Asiatic and African gentlemen of the press against the dominance of a great power.

Aside from this prejudice, however, many journalists abroad are genuinely and badly confused as to American life and character. During the Second World War, and often for years thereafter, many countries had no newspaper correspondents in America; and those which contrived to maintain skeleton journalistic staffs in this country frequently were reduced to a very few listening-posts. (Mr. Alastair Cooke, for instance, enjoyed until quite recently a virtual monopoly as British Authority on America.) Even now that press representation is reasonably adequate, the vast majority of foreign correspondents in America rarely venture beyond the limits of Manhattan or the District of Columbia, where they imbibe their opinions at cocktail parties.

Were these circumstances insufficient to create a certain bias against the Amerian nation, the education of foreign journalists might by itself render them hostile to American culture and politics. Reared on such denunciations of "America the Menace" as those of Joad, Siegfried, and Duhamel, the correspondents dispatched to these shores tend to search for the vices of American civilization, and to ignore whatever of virtue may appear under their noses.

Several years ago, young Mr. Harry Morgan grew distressed at this distorted perspective on America—and began to do something about it. With the backing of Mr. DeWitt Wallace of the *Reader's Digest*, he has established at Macalester College, in Minnesota, the World Press Institute, dedicated to the instruction of young journalists from abroad in American realities. Several intelligent foundations have cooperated in financing this lively project.

### *The World Press Institute*

Every year, the World Press Institute brings to Macalester fifteen newspapermen of promise from all over the earth. Many of these become American correspondents for their papers, on completing their course at the Institute; others return to their native lands and exercise real influence as traveled editors.

To them, Mr. Morgan and his assistant director, Dr. Toscano, bring lecturers on American opinions and conditions. The participants study American history, politics, economics, and social problems at Macalester. They travel widely in this country, too, engage in three-month internships with American newspapers, journals, and broadcasting stations.

This writer recently led a seminar of the group, with "Responsible Conservatism in American Politics" as his subject. A little earlier, the journalists had accompanied Goldwater on his railroad campaigning in Indiana. Three of them had been able to interview Mr. Goldwater, who abruptly gave up a national radio broadcast in order to talk with them.

Most of the young newspapermen, I found, retained certain prejudices against America in general and against American conservatism in particular—but in diminished degree. They send dispatches home to their newspapers without any sort of supervision or censorship, often surprising their editors by friendly reports on American society which diminish the false image of the U.S. in other continents. Far from propagandistic, this program encourages a full exchange of views.

In part, doubtless, because they look for America's Achilles' heel, the journalists worry especially about the "civil rights" and racial controversies. Sometimes they might profit from the image of the mote and beam, for a number of them unmercifully belabor Americans for not creating immediately a Utopia of toleration and equality—though never asking what happens to Jewish minorities, for instance, in today's Moslem lands. Even in this matter, nevertheless, they grow markedly more understanding after a few months at the Institute. An African newspaperman, after he had traveled through the Southern states, was asked by Mr. Morgan what he thought of the South. "Bad, very bad," said the visitor — and then added, with a grin, "But not half so bad as I had expected."

Some of the participants have been disheartened, after selection for this program, to learn that they would have Minnesota as their base: New York and Washington, they had thought, were the sum and substance of the American continent. But they have changed their minds. In New York and Washington, foreigners throng the streets, and no one bats an eye at them; while in St. Paul, these participants are rare birds, and are welcomed most cordially, and learn a great deal.

Within the next decade, the World Press Institute will have made its mark upon foreign opinion of the American nation. Mr. Morgan and his staff do not ask for admiration—only for objectivity. Bright and outspoken, the rising young newspapermen come to apprehend, even where they do not sympathize.



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# Report on the Negro Question

VINCENT MILLER

Samuel Lubell is a first-rate reporter. He neither begins, nor proceeds, nor ends with an ideology. He has that seemingly rare quality among journalists, a sense of fact. This has led him to conclude that we are none too slowly building a Southern racial problem of great complexity into a national problem of racial cleavage. The "Negro problem" is not, he argues, going to be settled or even significantly alleviated by school integration laws, or by the Negro's acquisition of his voting rights, or by any normal process of economic growth.

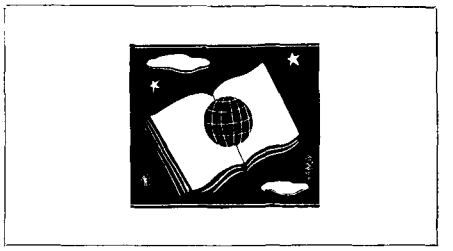
More rapidly than schools integrate, our rising prosperity is, he points out, creating patterns of housing that make segregation a simple matter of logical school districting. Southern cities like Memphis and New Orleans are, for instance, more segregated today than they have ever been. And the situation is even worse in the North. Whatever programs of social engineering we set up there, the fact is—to use Robert Penn Warren's phrase—that there simply aren't enough white children left in the cities to go around. And the idea of corralling some in Virginia or Long Island and bussing them into Washington or New York is more than a little grotesque.

Our growing prosperity is, Mr. Lubell argues, no simple answer either.

*White and Black: Test of a Nation*, by Samuel Lubell. Harper, $4.95

The technological system that brings it to us does so by increasing automation. We are, as a result, able to keep about 90 per cent or so of our growing labor force securely employed. The other 10 per cent is and will continue to be unemployed or raked by periodic unemployment. The union member who has spent ten or fifteen years entering the "employment secure fortress" is secure, but only if he tightens his union's controls over the jobs available and makes full union status harder to attain. This he does each year. But the Negro, who makes up a large portion of the "out" class, faces the fact that his group lags further behind as our progress progresses and our unions protect their members.

Elements among the Negroes have indeed become more prosperous. These are the elements that have furnished both the economic muscle and the know-how on which the present civil rights movement is based. But as the individual Negro escapes from the economic pressures that plague his race as a whole, he comes face to face with a more serious problem. He must now define himself in relation both to his race and to his country. Does he wish to enter white society as a white man with a black skin, or to think of himself in other terms? The problem has been with him from the beginning: Du Bois



once wrote, "One feels ever his twoness—an American, a Negro, two souls, two thoughts, two unreconciled strivings, two warring ideals in one dark body." Prosperity isn't going to answer this problem, unless the Negro chooses to enter the general pattern of American aimlessness with simple content.

If the Negro is learning to vote and gaining his right to do so, this fact is not helping him either. Where he has acquired voting rights, North or South, he has done so in a city political machine that has set him as a member of one class against other classes. In the North, the daily influx of Negroes in large numbers and their docile acquiescence in bloc voting have in fact established new Tammany Hall political machines. These corrupt the Negro with welfare handouts that do him perhaps as much psychological and political harm as Southern paternalism ever did. But they do deliver his vote with great reliability, a system too often backed—to quote Robert Penn Warren again—by "the club of chowder, rhetoric, and eschatology."

Mr. Lubell blames the Negro leaders for going along with the city machines that play their race as the old political bosses once played other groups. He blames them also for working in the interest of each man's being judged on his merits, not the color of his skin, by the strange process of making the Negro think of himself as a Negro and of his individuality not at all.

But he traces the greater part of the problem to the Roosevelt political revolution, with whose aims and programs he is in agreement. As he points out, Roosevelt set up a pattern of economic class voting in America which operates by pitting one amalgamation of economic groups against another and smaller one. The Democratic Party now faces a sickening consequence of Roosevelt's success. Prosperity today has split the economic interests of the white worker off from those of the Negro: the white has grown richer, gained security, moved to the suburbs. And he has no intention of sacrificing those economic values Roosevelt taught him to fight for. He is, however, now on the other side of the economic fence. As a result, the Democrats cannot, in the North, appeal to both white and Negro. And in the South, their "natural ally," the economically deprived



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white, tends to hate Negroes. Thus, Mr. Lubell argues, the Negro is placing a strain on the present pattern of Democratic politicking which it may not be able to survive.

Lyndon Johnson has, Mr. Lubell feels, brought the Democrats time but not leadership. He is, he says, a Mona Lisa who can talk civil rights while convincing the poor Southerner that he doesn't mean a word of it. Mr. Lubell sees no leadership in this, merely Johnson's political shrewdness and a tragic death in Dallas that purchased his party a breathing space.

The Republicans, in Mr. Lubell's view, have had no program either. They have merely capitalized on Democratic ineptitude. In the North they pick up votes from the new middle class that has shifted its economic alignment. This class is, of course, no longer really at home with the old Roosevelt slogans and programs. Still its prosperity did come under Democratic presidents; and it is, therefore, made uneasy by any clear-cut break. Republicans oblige in the fashion of Keating and Javits by blurring distinctions and making the transition easy. The Republican Party as a whole cannot do this, however, except at the cost of losing its chances in the South. Without clear-cut distinctions there is no reason for Southerners to desert their old allegiances. To date, Mr. Lubell feels, the Republican Party has been content to appeal as it could to both the newly prosperous white in the North and to Southerners, richer or poorer, by supporting "less government." Mr. Lubell wrote his book pre-Goldwater. I imagine he would now ask whether Goldwater's stand, where clear-cut, will not finally lead to the alienation of important elements of that coalition of disparate economic interests which Lyndon Johnson has sought to hold together by his Mona Lisa smile.

MR. LUBELL is a journalist. It is not his intent to struggle with the problems his facts turn up. His final chapter is, therefore, disappointing, although I would agree with his easy generalization that "the heart of any racial peace should be a clear-cut national commitment to individualism." He recommends the removal of all barriers that prevent the individual being considered as an individual and considering himself as one.

Since he is keenly aware that he is urging this at a time when "the individual as an individual has been losing importance . . . forced to take his place in the economic line-up as a member of a union, trade association, an age group, or a racial group," he knows what sort of problem he is up against. And since he is also aware that this kind of political system springs from the Roosevelt revolution and that "a managed economy seems to breed and to necessitate group conflict," I'm left wondering if he realizes how radical a revision of American political life he is recommending. I rather suspect that he, like many Americans, would be content to try a somewhat more drastic program of patch and paste.

# A Shallow Stream

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

LORD DAVID CECIL, when I was at Oxford, used to begin one of his lectures on English literature with a story from a South African newspaper about a man who shot his wife, and when the police asked why, said he had mistaken her for a baboon. The point of this anecdote was to show that the same facts might produce either comedy or tragedy, laughter or tears, according to one's point of view. Arthur Koestler, in his enormous new book, *The Act of Creation*, devotes the first hundred pages to expounding this not very obscure truth.

***The Act of Creation*, by Arthur Koestler. Macmillan, $7.95**

He expects us, apparently, to be surprised, and perhaps shocked. "That the Jester should be brother to the Sage," he says, "may sound like blasphemy." Well, I suppose it may, but I can't imagine to whom, except the most solemn of secular egg-heads; an egg-head, what's more, who has never heard of the *jongleur de Dieu* or Shakespearean clowns or Jack Point in *The Yeomen of the Guard*. To me it sounds more like a cliché.

Having explained what happens when someone makes a joke, Mr. Koestler goes on to merge the process in a continuous spectrum with inventions, the making of an epic poem, or a scientific discovery. He maintains that they all have the same basic psychological pattern, what he calls "bisociative" thinking: that is, the unexpected linking of two separate frames of reference (he calls them "matrices").

"The creative act," he says, "is not an act of creation in the sense of the Old Testament. It does not create something out of nothing; it uncovers, selects, re-shuffles, combines, synthesizes already existing facts, ideas, faculties, skills." Inventive genius, whether scientific or poetic, consists largely in "seeing an analogy where nobody saw one before."

To demonstrate his thesis Mr. Koestler parades numerous anecdotes about "problem-solving" by monkeys trying to get at bananas and by psychology students teased with jolly conundrums; he tells us, in considerable detail, about Archimedes and Newton, Franklin and Pasteur, Darwin and Freud and Einstein; he shows that original achievements in physical science, no less than in art, involve "a leap into the dark," an intuitive seizing of the answer, which precedes, rather than follows, the logical steps leading to that answer. Whereas the conservative reasoner is level-headed, the creative genius must be "multi-level-headed," so that he can connect apparently unconnected matrices.

This seems a plausible, mildly thought-provoking, though not very startling, analysis: and its exposition includes a fair assortment of interesting quotations and narratives. The psychology students' conundrums, for example, make good conversation pieces. How Gutenberg invented movable type is a tale worth re-telling. And I was delighted to learn about Rosenthal's "experiment on experimenters," in which he gave one group of his research workers rats which, he explains, were specially bred "geniuses," while to the other group he gave "stupid rats." The subsequent score-sheets showed conclusively that the "genius rats"



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## Random Notes

● Books: Theodore Sturgeon's *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea,* published Sept. 15 by Dell, coincides with the new Richard Basehart TV series (125 stations) of underwater drama and exploration. . . . Donald Davie's *Ezra Pound: Poet as Sculptor,* a full-scale study by an exacting and sensible critic, being published this fall by Oxford ($5.75). . . . Roy Newquist's *Counterpart* (Rand McNally, $9.95, November) is a series of interviews with sixty-three authors, famous and all but unknown. A rich, readable book. . . . For October, from the University of California, *The Diaries of Paul Klee,* edited by his son Felix ($10.00). . . . And for some hard, fresh ideas on schools from our most active latter-day transcendentalist, R. Buckminster Fuller's *Education Automation* (Southern Illinois, $1.95).

● Movies: Terry Southern did not write *Dr. Strangelove: or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb.* But, willy-nilly, everybody seems to *think* he did, so much so that Stanley Kubrick has sent a dispatch to the press, to say that the script is by himself, Peter George (who wrote the novel *Red Alert* on which the movie is based), Terry Southern, *and* Peter Sellers, who provided "some of the best dialogue." . . . Dino de Laurentiis' *The Bible* moves ahead (cast last heard from in Sicily, where Ava Gardner was impersonating Ruth), and Igor Stravinsky has undertaken to do its music. *Der Spiegel,* with Teutonic brusqueness, refers to it as a *Monstre-Film.* . . . Henri Georges Clouzot, France's master of the unflinching macabre, is presently at work on a movie called *Hell.* . . . Joe Levine has commissioned Sydney Boehm to provide a script for a film about the late Jean Harlow. . . . As of mid-September, Security Pictures were advertising for two parrots, needed in the dubbing into English of a Spanish film containing two talented and loquacious birds whose remarks are essential to the plot. . . . La Bardot makes her first appearance in an American film, unbilled (by her request) and briefly. The movie was called *Erasmus with Freckles* until she graciously consented to do a walk-on; now, of course, it's *Dear Brigitte.* . . . And don't miss Paramount's *Robinson Crusoe on Mars,* just released.

● Instant and Total Fame: The winner of the newly set up International Novel Award ("a literary talent search on an unprecedented scale") will receive for his manuscript (a) at least $200,000, (b) serial publication in *McCall's,* (c) hardback edition by G. P. Putnam's Sons, (d) paperback edition by Fawcett World Library, (e) film adaptation by Embassy Pictures. Send your labors to 200 Madison Ave., NYC, and await the armored car.

learned to run through a maze much faster than the "stupid rats"—though both batches were, in fact, common-or-garden rats from a common stock. "The results," wrote a science editor gloomily, "throw a pall over the entire range of psychological tests as reported by the psychologists over the last fifty years." Good. Long may its pall remain.

Mr. Koestler is the complete polymath. From psychology and biology to Greek drama and Zen painting, from ancient European art to modern European literature and philology, he takes all knowledge for his province, and ranges flamboyantly through it. Such breadth of interests is to be applauded. And yet all is not well. This is an unsatisfactory book. Its jargon is often horrid and perhaps tell-tale. For instance: "Our preferential matrices of ideation are most of the time blocked by centres on higher levels—which agrees well with the predominantly restraining function of the hierarchic controls in perceptual and motor organization." I refuse to believe that the thought in such a sentence could not have been more simply and lucidly expressed.

Mr. Koestler very properly distinguishes between the visionary scientists with whom he is concerned and the cock-sure aridity of schoolroom science: but he is himself inclined to take for granted many of the modish attitudes and beliefs of what, ready as ever with a cliché, he calls "this computer age." Darwin and Wittgenstein and Picasso are quoted with unquestioning approval. The story of Jonah and the whale sounds to Mr. Koestler "like an allegory of a nervous breakdown." He adorns his text with pseudo-scientific diagrams, more calculated to confuse than to clarify the argument.

A doubt creeps in. How sound is his polymathy? When he says that, in spite of some contradictory evidence, "the vast majority of physicists are convinced—and I think rightly so—that Einstein's universe is superior to Newton's," can Mr. Koestler's opinion on such a question really be worth much? A great deal of the book consists in quotations from other writers, familiar and unfamiliar, who are fussily called in to establish fairly obvious points, like close-set stepping-stones for crossing a shallow stream.

Mr. Koestler may have described the act of creation, the "bisociative" flash, but he has not exemplified it. His work is dressed up in the fashionable clothes of a scientific treatise, but lacks the bone-structure to support them. He has initiated no experiments, completed no verifiable research. The "problem-solving" experiments to which he refers raise several fascinating questions, but Mr. Koestler does not answer them. He offers no proof that a man who is clever at solving these artificial problems will also be clever at "creative" work of other kinds. It may follow, but we need evidence; and evidence needs original, experimental research; and original, experimental research is what Mr. Koestler has not done.

I think no worse of him for that; on the contrary, I would gladly see most experimenters shut up in a cage, with bananas just outside their reach, or chased through a maze like the unfortunate rats. But, if *The Act of Creation* is not a scientific textbook, it lacks something more important than experiments: it lacks any sense of values. Presumably because he regards himself as engaged in a scientific exercise, Mr. Koestler passes no aesthetic or moral or philosophic



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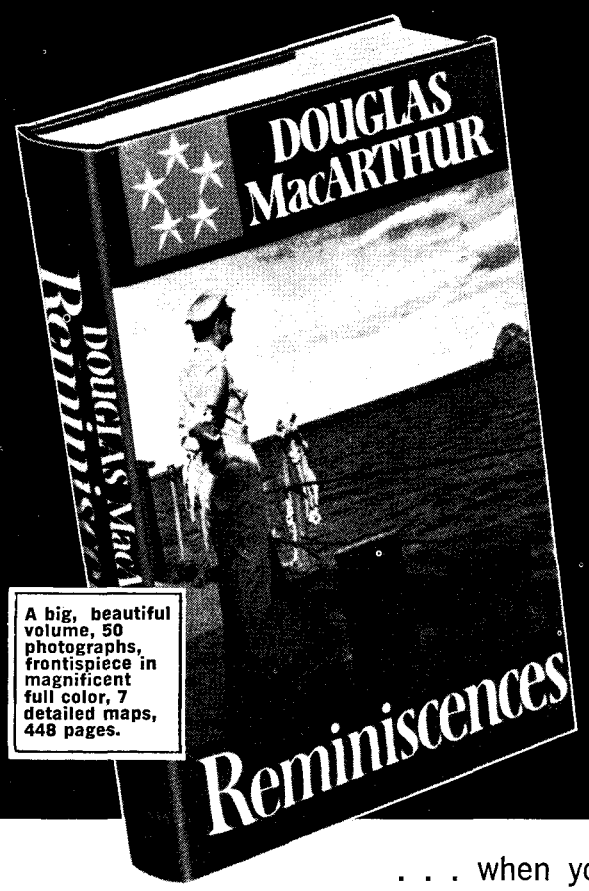


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## Fall Book Number

The December 1 issue will be a special book number, including:

Joan Didion on *The Founding Father: The Story of Joseph P. Kennedy*, by Richard J. Whalen

Francis Russell on *My Autobiography*, by Charles Chaplin

Thomas Molnar on *The Future of Man*, by Pierre Teilhard de Chardin

D. J. Stewart on *Occasions and Protests*, by John Dos Passos

Also James Jackson Kilpatrick and Theodore Sturgeon


judgments, except of the most trivial kind, draws no distinction between good and bad, fruitful and corruptive, inventions. The result is a curiously thin effect.

Mr. Koestler had a worthwhile idea. It would have made an admirable short essay. Instead, the mountains have laboured and brought forth an elephantine mouse.

# Lenin the Ideologist

RICHARD V. ALLEN

NINETEEN-SIXTY-FOUR marks two important even-year anniversaries for the Communist movement. Exactly one hundred years ago the First International was founded, giving Marxism its first institutional grip on the world. (It was later put to an early grave by Marx himself who, threatened with loss of its control, transferred its headquarters to New York rather than let it fall to his "opponents.") And it is just forty years since the death of Lenin. The latter anniversary was the impetus for the appearance of these three biographies, ranging from good through first-rate to outstanding.

Perhaps the cardinal defect of Western, and particularly American, understanding of modern Communism is its inability to recognize the motive force of ideology in general, and the contribution made by Lenin to the development of Communist ideology in particular. That inability stems, in the first place, from an unwillingness to attribute to others a faith in any pattern of ideas, much less in a completely radical and palpably "nonsensical" body of doctrine like Communist ideology.

This is, as Sidney Hook has pointed out, due not only to the pragmatic bent of Americans, but also to a most alarming departure from our own ideals. For most of our policymakers and many of our scholars, the Communist ideology in its post-Stalin "evolution" has become "an empty façade" behind which one must probe for the "real motivations" of Communist policy, *i.e.*, the national interests of Communist countries and the drive for a "warm water port"—to name but two. For the most eager of our own revisionist school, the proponents of coexistence-at-any-price and active convergence through the gradual abandonment of certain "fixed tenets of Western life" (notably abandonment of insistence upon individual freedom through willingness to negotiate the validity of, say, the Constitution and its guarantees), the Communist ideology has meaning in its literal sense only to the extent that it can be co-ordinated and integrated with "Western thought."

*Lenin*

*Lenin: The Compulsive Revolutionary*, by Stefan T. Possony. Regnery, $7.95

*The Life of Lenin*, by Louis Fischer. Harper, $10.00

*The Life and Death of Lenin*, by Robert Payne. Simon and Schuster, $8.50

We have ignored Lenin to our great peril and, as the ugly blot of sustained postwar Communist advance clearly demonstrates, we continue to ignore his impact and his teachings today. And without a perceptive feel for Lenin in 1964, there has been no understanding of Khrushchev or Mao Tse-tung. The caliber of journalism's treatment of the Sino-Soviet dispute as no more than a great power struggle is evidence enough of this.

Stefan Possony's great service to students of Communism lies precisely in his outstanding and faithful recreation of the whole Lenin. For Lenin did not live apart from the incredibly complex conspiracies and intrigues that marked his ascent to power, but in them; he did not simply "participate" in the cyclical fortunes of his Bolshevik organization and its adversaries, but created and shaped its struggles. Lenin lived and breathed conspiracy, and it has been left to the many skills of Possony to unravel both the fabric and the psychology of his pre-revolutionary Russia.

Of particular value is Mr. Possony's profile analysis of the young Lenin and the events that shaped his early life. Possony discards the sophomoric approach used by many to explain the revolutionary and anti-authoritarian bent of the young Lenin (*i.e.*, Lenin became a revolutionary because of his brother's execution in a foiled plot to kill the Czar); he presents a careful portrait of the times and gives a proper appreciation of Lenin's intellectual and psychological worth.

It is fitting, I think, to ascribe to Lenin a high degree of political genius. Possony does this well. There emerges a tight and highly readable chronological account of the Russian Bolshevik movement and one of its motive forces—a man thoroughly



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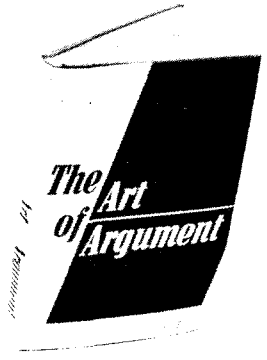


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convinced of the correctness and applicability to his own time of an outmoded and "irrational" ideology, Marxism; and a man who possessed all the organizational qualities and virtues, foremost among them simple dedication, to weld it to a dormant power base. It is precisely this kind of appreciation which enables the reader to punch through, with Possony, the classical distorted image of a Lenin dominated only by a "lust for power." That is the easy answer, but this account has set the record straight.

Of particular interest in the Possony account is a full-scale airing of the extent of German financial and conspiratorial participation in the 1917 Revolution. The detailed story of Lenin and Inessa Armand adds a piquant note.

The documentation of Possony's book is indeed impressive. The archives of the Hoover Institution, where he is Director of International Political Studies, abound with enormous primary materials important for the study of Communism's genesis in Russia; and he has exercised great skill in their use.

Louis Fischer has written on Soviet affairs for many years, and this first-rate biography of Lenin reflects both the quality and quantity of his experience. It is in some respects the most even of the three biographies, and certainly is addressed more directly to the specialist. For that reason it frequently bogs down with unnecessary detail, as in the lengthy retelling of Wilson's attitude, or lack of one, towards the young Bolshevik state and the indefatigable Raymond Robins. The personal accounts and reminiscences of Mr. Fischer as a young correspondent and hence first-hand witness to the events are, on the other hand, particularly interesting.

Fischer's analysis of the New Economic Policy and the successful *détente* maneuvers practiced by the Soviets is of uniform high quality, and ought to be re-read for its contemporary lessons by our policy-makers in Washington. Equally important is his extension of "proper homage" to Lenin's 1918 work on *Imperialism,* which gave a new lease on life to Marxism through the projection to the international arena of the key concept of class struggle. It was with *Imperialism* that Lenin accomplished the necessary revolutionary

**Speaking Up . . .**

Ralph de Toledano, former associate editor of *Newsweek* and now a nationally syndicated columnist, has acquired a reputation as one of this country's keenest political analysts.

Over the years he has written several books (two of the most recent, *The Winning Side* and *The Greatest Plot in History,* are current best sellers) and his articles have appeared in the major magazines of this country.

Mr. de Toledano will be available for speaking engagements this Winter and the early part of 1965. His lecture topics include: *Behind the Scenes in Washington, How the Reds Stole the Atomic Bomb* and many other topics involving Washington politics and relations with the Soviet government.

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"leap" that imparted fresh forward momentum to a movement threatened with the loss of its fundamental dynamism.

Robert Payne has written an account of Lenin which will undoubtedly sell many copies in the more popular markets, for which it was intended. The book is useful and will fill the need for a readable, if occasionally overdramatic, biography of Lenin. There are, however, serious defects in it, notably the overestimation of Lenin's national and intellectual forebears as all-powerful determinant forces. Great stress is laid on Lenin's "German-Chuvash blood" and Payne even claims implicitly that Lenin had no "Russian blood." As to the influences on Lenin's revolutionary career, Payne insists that Nechaev was the predominant one, and that the bloody thrills of professional conspirators and anarchists moved Lenin to the institutionalization of Bolshevik terror. Completely unsupported is Payne's claim that Stalin murdered Lenin; Lenin's progressive physical decline from 1920 on, and the series of massive immobilizing strokes which he suffered, are established facts.

On balance, the political and historical re-examination of Lenin will have a salutary effect on our understanding of Communism. But will the people who count take the time to learn or to refresh their memories?

## *Movies*

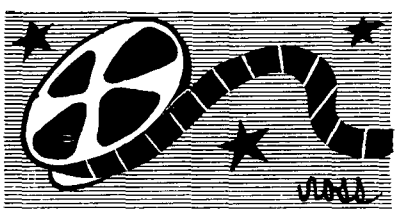
# Like Novel, Like Film

RICHARD M. HODGENS

UNFORTUNATELY, *Fail Safe* is a faithful adaptation of the novel by Eugene Burdick and Harvey Wheeler. Like the novel, the film is a work distinguished more by willful stupidity than by art. The premise is an impossible accident, with the fail-safe system still exhibiting baffling perversity, sending a signal because it breaks down; the body of the work is standard tension in the air and underground, with Professor Groteschele still on hand to give bad advice, though he is less like Herman Kahn, more like Walter Matthau; the solution is a disaster, with our President still compensating for the unintentional bombing of Moscow by bombing New York, though he is less like Kennedy, more like Henry Fonda: and the implication is still that such an accident and outcome are inevitable unless we disarm. Indeed, there is little to say about premise and effect that Sidney Hook did not say in *The Fail-Safe Fallacy*, except perhaps that the film contains some evidence that someone involved either thought a little for himself or considered Hook's criticism, if only in order to misconstrue.

Just as the novel echoed Peter Bryant's *Red Alert* to a litigious degree, so the film echoes *Red Alert's* film version, *Dr. Strangelove*. As propaganda, *Fail Safe* is less partisan and less slanderous than *Dr. Strangelove, Seven Days in May*, or *The Manchurian Candidate;* but no less virulent; it displays less bad feeling, but at least as much bad thinking; and like the other Liberal science fiction, it exploits the fear of the machine in a more direct manner than science fiction films used to do, when they were aimed at deluded children, not at deluded intellectuals as well.

The mechanical failure is even more vague on film, and one can only conclude, now as before, that the



"idea" behind it all is that, while machines that break down do not work, if the fail-safe system breaks down, *it*—the abstract Machine, that is, the Bomb—does work. This would carry fear of the Machine to an extreme, but it is not surprising that even when it is breakdown that is feared, the results imagined contradict logic and possibility. Meanwhile, the film suggests that people are becoming mechanical, and argues that to be against the Machine is to be for Man (and aren't we all), that people are good (and a great deal of time is spent proving that Russians are people, just like us, as if they could be anything else, as if we could be that badly off), and that machines are bad (and, come to think of it, theirs are just as bad as ours). That takes care of Moscow, they tell us; but it takes people (our heroic President, their kindly Premier) to take care of New York. As for that, the "logic" of the politics or morality is rather peculiar, but if those responsible for this nonsense are against machines and against logic, it is hardly surprising to find them against politics or morality also. After all, they're for Man.

As for responsibility within the film, the President accepts it, as well he might, and he also reasserts humanity by telling the Premier, in lines filmed almost as an aside, that we must remove the barriers we have set up between us, barriers which provoke mistrust and invite disaster. The film's President is an appropriate hero; he gets everything backwards.

Aboard the Vindicator that gets New York, General Black (Dan O'Herlihy) takes responsibility, too. Black's dream of a bullfight begins the film with a clumsy, expressionistic sequence. He wakes up wondering who the matador might be. At the end, dying, he tells us it is himself, in an equally clumsy, anticlimactic revelation. The audience will not have worried much about Black's question; it is the audience that has to keep fighting the bull, and much of it comes from Black, who, as another hero, doubts the credibility of counterforce, deplores overkill, states that limited nuclear war is simply impossible, denies the efficacy of any shelter, and complains that we ought to be making war impossible, and so on.

At the Pentagon, through the bulk of the film, Black's is the voice that refutes Professor Groteschele. Indeed, it is Groteschele's own function to misrepresent the arguments, morality, and motivation of those who might question the film's: he is always wrong. At the beginning, while Black tucks in the boys and kisses the wife goodbye, Groteschele is leaving a party with an elegant creature (Nancy Berg) who is attracted to him because he makes death a beautiful entertainment. He does reject her peculiar advances. He slaps her face and says he's not her kind. But, whatever he means, his scene with this succubus hints at his faults. The



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film's Groteschele is less objectionable than the novel's, but he finally is revealed to be not only wrong every time, but also an overcompensating Jew, as bad as a Nazi, and a capitalist fanatic besides. At the end, he thinks first of the economy, then of justification.

Inevitably, *Fail Safe* is talky and pretentious in manner, appropriately exhibiting director Sidney Lumet's fondness for close-ups and murk. As before, Lumet does well with his individuals, though his groups seem expressionistically clumsy. This time, he has elicited some good underplaying, which is fortunate, considering both the nature of the thing and the deficiencies of sets, special effects, and what action there is. The hotline duologues of mad President Fonda and his nervous interpreter (Larry Hagman), with the muttering phone between them, are finally the film's only impressive achievement; though at first Fonda cannot help seeming as funny as Peter Sellers, he and Hagman eventually manage a degree of conviction and disquietude.

Lumet's final disaster is more misplaced Expressionism, with inappropriate aeroviews of Manhattan and stop-motion shots of people and pigeons while a prolonged mechanical scream blends with the roar of Black's bullfight. As in the novel, the bombing that concludes this pointed entertainment is supposed to be like Abraham's sacrifice, and it is no clearer who Jehovah might be.

# BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE STUPIDITY PROBLEM, *And Other Harassments,* by John Fischer (Harper, $4.95). These are samples collected from the "Easy Chair" feature in *Harper's*—many dealing with the award-giving foundations, which intrigue Fischer; some ephemeral and badly out of date, despite revision (he still calls *Look* a conservative magazine); conventionally Liberal when litanizing against McCarthy, Congress, and the magazine you are benighted enough to be holding in your hands; unconventionally liberal when interviewing Khrushchev, popularizing Calhoun, laughing at the vaudeville performance of those "country slickers" who go through the motions of farming to please their Washington audience, asking that Negro leaders *lead,* and arguing that stupidity cannot be schooled out of people who are—let's face it—stupid. This last essay, along with Lewis Anthony Dexter's *The Tyranny of Schooling,* may by next year do for Stupidity what Michael Harrington did last year for Poverty. Mr. Fischer proves there still *are* liberals with a small "l," though it will no doubt disturb him that he was called one *here.*

G. WILLS

THE DEMOCRATIC CIVILIZATION, by Leslie Lipson (Oxford, $10). It is hard to be fair to this book because of the author's resolve to write two books at once. The first "book" is good; a study of democracy as a matter of current fact, it has two virtues deserving notice: the effective if upsetting argument that if democracy is your aim you must be prepared to accommodate its spread into areas technically non-political, the social and economic; and an illuminating study of party structure and behavior in the British Commonwealth. But the second "book" which attempts to trace the supposed intellectual and historical ancestry of modern democracy is enough to make historians grumble and philologists curse. To Aristotle a constitution answers *one* question: *Who shall rule?* Thus the *Politics* has no place, save as an example of human variety, in a chapter discussing contemporary institutions, which are closer to the Roman ideal of a constitution coeval and coterminous with the State. Aristotle knew the Greek constitution could be rewritten every other Tuesday; Cicero thought the constitution *was* the State, and right or wrong we are still Ciceronians. Locke is harshly treated but ignored where, compared to Hobbes, he is strongest: on the family and on the meaning of wealth; the author's pious secularism moves him to feats of imagination and agility such as identifying Ignatius Loyola as a friend of the Inquisition (he was twice over an alumnus of its jails); the bibliography is useless for the ancient world, showing nothing since Grote on Greek history, nothing at all on Greek philosophy, Tacitus but not Cicero on Rome, and on institutions only McIlwain's *Constitutionalism Ancient and Modern* (an excellent work Lipson seems not to have read).

D. J. STEWART

THE EYE OF THE LION, by Lael Tucker Wertenbaker (Little, Brown, $5.95). It is devoutly to be hoped that this *is* a fictionalized version of the life of Mata Hari, because if the real World War I German spy was anything like Mrs. Wertenbaker's Margaretta Geertruida Zelle McLeod it would reflect more harshly than I'm sure they deserve a) on the German secret service, for having recruited such a dope, b) on the French counter-intelligence for taking three years to unmask her and c) on Mata Hari's own IQ. The basic ingredients of Mata Hari's story should be to the novelist what snaps and snails and puppy dogs' tails are to little boys. Drama all the way: an impoverished Dutch middle-class background; marriage to an alcoholic British officer; the dissolute life with (and without) him in the South Seas; a fantastic dancing career (Oriental strip division) in the Paris of the Edwardian era; the war years as a spy for the Kaiser, and finally, a French firing squad. What a *femme fatale* Mata Hari must have been. And what was that "indefinable something" that swept man after man off his feet? So help me, 379 pages later I still don't know, and Mrs. Wertenbaker has done little to help me. Her Mata Hari is not beautiful, not even pretty, not striking looking, not svelte, exotic, brilliant, intelligent, attractive, bright, perceptive or sensitive. (She also can't dance.) Mrs. Wertenbaker pictures her as too dumb to know what it's all about when she's being recruited into the German secret service, too dumb to graduate from espionage school, too dumb even to pump the fat French generals she's sleeping with for military information. As far as I could gather, the only service she did perform for the Kaiser was to allow her mail to a daughter in Holland to be used for secret messages. For this she was, whether justly or not, executed by the French . . . which should have been punishment enough.

P. L. BUCKLEY



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## What Price Craftsmanship?

by
Julian P. Van Winkle, Jr.,
President
Old Fitzgerald
Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky
*Established 1849*

Years ago my father patronized a tailor who was acknowledged to make the finest clothes in Louisville.

Everything suited Dad except the high price. During a fitting he took occasion to complain. "I understand the tailor across the street makes a mighty nice suit. And he charges $20 less than you."

"You're quite right," the tailor agreed, "and they say he makes *nice warm* clothes too!"

By rights Dad should have been the last to complain. The expert craftsmanship required to snugly fit "suit" to "man" is matched in no field more specialized than his own and by no man more than by himself.

For three generations, in his tenure as well as my own, our family distillery has patiently tailored our OLD FITZGERALD to fit the man who knows how genuine Kentucky Bourbon ought to taste.

"Custom-cut and hand-made", its cost can never match its "ready-made" competition.

Using our old-fashioned sour-mash recipe, we purposely sacrificed one full quart of Bourbon for each bushel of grain mashed. Our fermenters ripen at a snail's pace. We distill, then re-distill to capture the congenerics which give OLD FITZGERALD its distinctive flavor.

And in our open rick houses, through the long years, we let nothing interfere with the natural mellowing that comes only in new casks of mountain oak.

Admittedly, less than such costly care would still produce "nice, warm" acceptable Bourbon. If *whiskey* is all you want, it can be had for far less.

But in matching the style and fit of genuine Kentucky sour mash at its old-fashioned best, our century-and-more of distilling experience has yet to uncover a money-saving short cut.

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*Kentucky Straight Bourbon*
*Bottled-in-Bond*
*At Mellow 100 Proof*


## TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 994)

lord credit for discrimination which he doesn't possess. Nevertheless, in the dull lexicon of Liberal doctrine there is nothing which can dispose of the cherished Article One: The assassin of President Kennedy was a Right Wing Extremist. And yet he was a Communist. The President's brother, Robert Kennedy, said so to a Polish interviewer. Will the leftists give up? As well expect them to re-repudiate the McCarthy Reign of Terror.

*London, England* COLM BROGAN

### *On a Louse*

My estimation of your journal is lowered by the item on Mr. Ginzburg in "The Week" for November 3. No matter how disreputable you consider Mr. Ginzburg to be, to call him a "louse" is in poor taste.

*Independence, Mo.* WILLIAM D. RUSSELL

*Webster, Third International, p. 1339: "A person regarded as extremely contemptible for parasitic or other odious low conduct."* —ED.

### *Plight of the Union Maid*

Here is why some union maids are afraid [Nov. 3]. My aunt was one of those recently threatened with expulsion from the ILGWU if she did not give $2 to their Johnson campaign fund. At first she had refused to give, but later did so after her boss received a phone call from union headquarters in N.Y. telling him not to send in her dues if she remained obstinate.

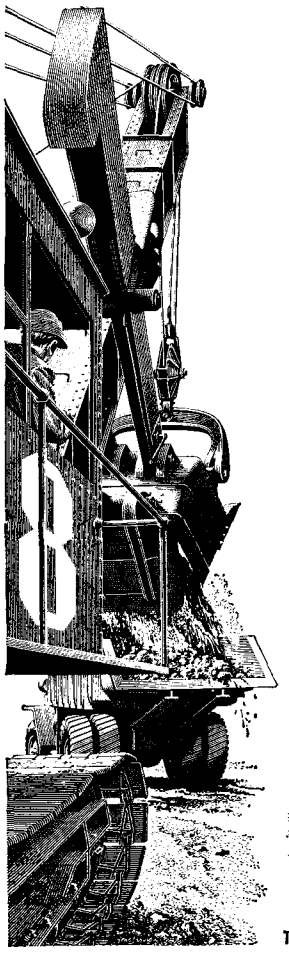
Can nothing be done about these outrages?

*Brooklyn, N.Y.* KENNETH J. LAZARA

*Ask Kennedy—or Keating.* —ED.

### *Doing Justice*

Does not John Dos Passos confuse cart and horse when he says [Oct. 20], "It was these public discussions (the Federalist Papers) between Hamilton and Madison and Jay that laid the theoretical groundwork for the Constitution of 1787"? The brilliant Federalist Papers were written after the Constitution was drafted and therefore could not be "theoretical groundwork." It would be more pre-

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cise to say that the Federalist Papers explained the theories underlying the Constitution.

Objection is also made to the author's careless rhetorical point that recent mistakes in foreign policy date "back to Franklin Roosevelt's deluded notion that it was good policy to help the Communists strip the European powers of their colonies." Even this ritualistic conservative had difficulty in digesting the 1,001th unproved charge against FDR.

I agree with Mr. Dos Passos' "let us continue" theme But let us also do justice to history.

*South Bend, Ind.* JAMES J. CIERZNIAK

### *Not Pro-LBJ*

". . . no one we have ever heard of actually supports Lyndon Johnson in any positive sense" [Oct. 20]. Yes, indeed. In four issues of the *New Republic* (Sept. 26 through Oct. 17) there was a total of 31½ ads for anti-Goldwater material, mostly bumper stickers, and 3½ ads for pro-Johnson material.

*Chicago, Ill.* GEORGE W. PRICE

### *Discology*

The original cast recording of *Die Dreigroschenoper* is readily available from any competent record dealer on Telefunken 97012 for a list price of $1.98. Since Mr. de Toledano acquired his copy [Oct. 20] Telefunken has ceased to be a satellite (in the U.S.) of Capitol and become a subsidiary of London Records.

You might suggest to Mr. de Toledano that many readers would appreciate having the stereophonic catalogue numbers of the records he reviews when such records happen to be available in stereo. Even the most conservative music lover must be prepared to admit, by now, that stereophonic sound is here to stay.

*Boston, Mass.* JOSEPH MCLELLAN

### *Uncle Cornpone*

"Uncle Cornpone Greets the Press" [Oct. 6] was devastating in the most delightful way.

I and the many whom I forced the article upon were overwhelmed to the point of tears. Mr. Gavin slipped the epée to that overweening old fox with skill and grandeur.

*Santa Monica, Cal.* J. WALTER TURNER

### *As It Was Then*

Re James Burnham's discussion of conventional nuclear weapons in

*with inner vision...*

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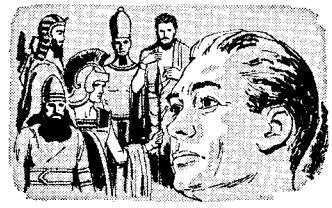

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*SEARCH FOR THE UNKNOWN know when you find it*

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your Sept. 22 issue, the following quote from a U.S. history book written in 1852:

"It belongs in this to notice an invention by David Bushnell, a native of Connecticut, in 1777, to blow up ships by means of torpedoes, as he called them. The torpedoes bore a resemblance to two tortoise shells of equal size placed in contact and so large as to contain a man . . . behind this sub-marine vessel were 150 pounds of powder which could be detached by turning a screw.

"Bushnell made several attempts to blow up British vessels in American waters—in none of which was he entirely successful. But in a single instance, a schooner was destroyed and 3 men killed. The men, perceiving a line floating, drew it on board. The machine attached to the end exploded with the above result. It scarcely needs be added that such a mode of warfare is too inhuman to be encouraged by civilized nations."

*Everett, Mass.* STANLEY D. MORRILL

### *Expressing Love*

Mr. Buckley's masterful rebuttal of Murray Kempton [Sept. 22] set forth the crucial point in the modern Christian attitude towards modern enemies of Christianity: "There are those today who express their love by . . . addressing members of the Communist Party as 'brothers'—and others who express their love . . . by extending a mailed fist at their opponents." For many Catholic Christians over the years, that was a mighty decision in their lives. Some come to mind—St. John the Evangelist ("Little children, love one another")—St. Lawrence the Martyr—Pope St. Gregory VII ("I have loved justice and hated iniquity; therefore I die in exile"). These decided for "love"; others decided for the "mailed fist"; Pope Urban II, starter of the Crusades—St. Louis IX of France, Pope St. Pius IV and many others.

*Cincinnati, Ohio* CARL R. STEINBICKER

### *Hard-Hearted Chamberlain*

I think Americans have some traits in common and that one of them is magnanimity.

When John Chamberlain says [Sept. 8]: "It's all so very slick . . . grants to spread our food supplies through food stamp plans . . ." and "[Humphrey] would like to give it [the agricultural surplus] all away


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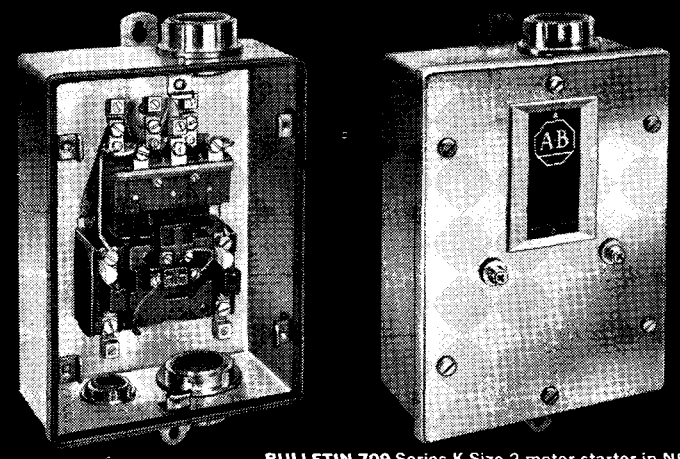

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"But if you choose a collectivist economic system which sacrifices liberty, human dignity, free choice and justice you have to sacrifice material wealth in the bargain. We welcome the material wealth and mass welfare which economic freedom gives us in contrast to a collectivist economy but we should want it primarily for its moral advantages, and it is principally for these that we should defend economic freedom —even when talking with Khrushchev."
Professor Wilhelm Roepke
Graduate Institute of International Studies, Geneva (Dr. Roepke's teachings are credited by President Ludwig Erhard as principally responsible for guiding the post-war economic recovery of West Germany)
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to India, to southern Italy and to poor folk in American cities by way of food stamp plans," he creates the impression that he desires to keep a surplus he can't use, while people are starving for want of it. That's about the antithesis of magnanimity and it is universally repulsive. One such statement may undo years of careful work by your writers of perhaps more humble reputation because of its virtuosity in touching a common nerve and its positive genius for alienation.

*New York, N.Y.* DAN CANAVAN

### *Pro MRA*

I thank you for publishing in your issue of Nov. 3, the article by John McCook Roots and Basil Entwistle in defense of Moral Re-Armament and in reply to Russell Kirk's unwarranted charges against it [Sept. 22]. Under the leadership of Peter Howard, Moral Re-Armament has become a potent force against immorality and dishonesty not only in the USA but also in many other countries.

*Boston, Mass.* GEORGE C. SHATTUCK, M.D.

I am relieved with your article on MRA defended. I was about to let my subscription die a natural death because of Mr. Kirk's unfair blast.

*Morristown, N.J.* MRS. G. GREELEY WELLS

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### COLM BROGAN
(Continued from p. 1016)

caster, who is surely the most inspired cartoonist in the world, put the national reaction into the mouth of his favorite character, Maudie Littlehampton, the quite uninhibited peeress. Pointing to the announcement of the majority, she said to her husband, "Do you realize that it will take only three coronaries and a cold in the head and we'll have the whole goddam thing over again?"

Maudie spoke for the nation in a way that the election returns did not do. The situation is fraught with dire peril. There are eighteen Labor MPs who are over seventy and three who are eighty or more. Every night since the election I have been praying that Providence will grant to these worthy men great length of days and at least enough strength to totter into the Division Lobby.

If that doesn't happen we shall have the whole goddam thing over again. I don't honestly think I could bear it.



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# TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. Oil men make allowance for this. | 6 152 16 120 189 40 200 50 115 |
| B. Affectionate term for the Mississippi (3 wds.). | 34 142 78 172 75 118 17 7 95 52 70 |
| C. Compelled to any action. | 51 105 18 156 129 125 102 |
| D. Conceptions. | 68 41 138 11 88 127 112 201 |
| E. Tea named for black dragon. | 87 202 209 197 144 116 |
| F. To push around in spirit of fun. | 93 89 83 155 176 188 146 121 53 20 |
| G. Into which. | 126 190 157 84 177 96 21 139 90 |
| H. Everyone has millions of these in theory. | 132 85 170 158 62 22 182 106 54 |
| I. Twisted together. | 137 43 55 123 134 79 |
| J. Important stagehand (2 wds.). | 150 131 80 167 161 23 44 117 59 187 178 113 |
| K. Stiff in the joints. | 166 71 76 24 119 128 141 91 |
| L. Book about building a wall. | 204 94 130 145 36 149 12 160 |

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| M. No two ways about it, it's small talk (adj.). | 1 164 143 8 180 63 97 |
| N. Prominent spender of your grandchildren's money. | 26 45 147 186 133 72 64 |
| O. One's surroundings. | 42 25 31 9 195 56 73 207 169 81 86 |
| P. Where men get in the last word (pl.). | 47 162 27 82 206 179 140 103 |
| Q. Something to remember you by. | 109 32 183 163 57 99 92 |
| R. I shall please (Latin). | 151 13 100 65 37 168 114 |
| S. Drunkards. | 159 171 28 165 48 185 181 107 |
| T. Dialect sometimes called "bad German." | 196 135 10 29 208 174 2 |
| U. Inattentive. | 199 3 30 74 46 66 19 192 |
| V. Risqué (hyph.). | 58 104 205 124 108 33 194 14 |
| W. Much of Congress' business (adj.). | 77 101 198 4 38 191 67 60 110 153 |
| X. Brushed away or off. | 98 203 15 35 175 |
| Y. Hypothesis that is far out and over the heads of most (2 wds.). | 122 61 5 111 39 173 154 136 193 148 184 69 49 210 |

See page 1012 for solution of last issue's Trans-O-Gram.

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 M | 2 T | 3 U | | 4 W | 5 Y | 6 A | 7 B | 8 M | 9 O | 10 T | 11 D | 12 L | 13 R | | 14 V | 15 X |
| 16 A | 17 B | 18 C | 19 U | 20 F | 21 G | 22 H | 23 J | | 24 K | 25 O | | 26 N | 27 P | 28 S | | 29 T |
| 30 U | 31 O | 32 Q | 33 V | 34 B | 35 X | 36 L | 37 R | 38 W | 39 Y | | 40 A | 41 D | 42 O | | 43 I | 44 J |
| 45 N | 46 U | 47 P | | 48 S | 49 Y | 50 A | 51 C | 52 B | 53 F | 54 H | 55 I | 56 O | 57 Q | | 58 V | 59 J |
| | 60 W | 61 Y | 62 H | | 63 M | 64 N | 65 R | 66 U | 67 W | 68 D | 69 Y | 70 B | 71 K | | 72 N | 73 O |
| 74 U | | 75 B | | 76 K | 77 W | 78 B | 79 I | 80 J | 81 O | | 82 P | 83 F | 84 G | 85 H | | 86 O |
| 87 E | | 88 D | 89 F | 90 G | 91 K | | 92 Q | 93 F | | 94 L | 95 B | 96 G | 97 M | | 98 X | 99 Q |
| 100R | 101W | 102C | 103P | | 104V | 105C | 106H | | 107S | 108V | 109Q | 110W | | 111Y | 112D | 113J |
| 114R | 115A | 116E | | 117J | 118B | 119K | 120A | 121F | 122Y | 123I | 124V | 125C | | 126G | 127D | 128K |
| 129C | 130L | | 131J | 132H | 133N | 134I | | 135T | 136Y | 137I | 138D | | 139G | 140P | 141K | |
| 142B | 143M | 144E | 145L | | 146F | 147N | | 148Y | 149L | 150J | | 151R | 152A | 153W | 154Y | 155F |
| 156C | 157G | 158H | | 159S | 160L | 161J | | 162P | 163Q | 164M | 165S | 166K | 167J | | 168R | 169O |
| 170H | 171S | 172B | 173Y | 174T | | 175X | 176F | 177G | | 178J | 179P | 180M | 181S | 182H | 183Q | 184Y |
| | 185S | 186N | | 187J | 188F | 189A | | 190G | 191W | 192U | 193Y | 194V | 195O | 196T | | 197E |
| 198W | | 199U | 200A | 201D | | 202E | 203X | 204L | | 205V | 206P | 207O | 208T | 209E | 210Y | |

### DIRECTIONS

*The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out, it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black squares indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.*



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# For The Record

About the time CBS gave Indiana to Johnson (on the basis of 6 per cent of the vote) the game started in earnest in Washington: Who now moves where? One certainty: Sec. of Defense McNamara will stay put. Willard Wirtz could move to Attorney General's office if Lyndon Johnson decides against appointing the controversial Abe Fortas to that spot. Most other Kennedy hold-overs in the Cabinet believed en route out. . . . Also going, the last of the Irish Mafia, Kenneth O'Donnell and Larry O'Brien. They moved out of White House in Sept. to help manage LBJ's campaign and are understood to have received "attractive" offers from private industry (the Johnsonian equivalent of the Kremlin's "sudden illness"). . . . Bill Moyers, who took over Walter Jenkins' duties several weeks back, said to be unhappy in present post and eager to return to #2 spot in the Peace Corps.

They'll all of them be missed: New York's staunchly conservative and anti-Communist congressman Steve Derounian and ditto ditto Congresswoman Katherine St. George. . . . In New Hampshire, Rep. Louis Wyman, on every Liberal blacklist since he prosecuted Willard Uphaus as state Attorney General some years back. . . . And Texas GOP congressmen Bruce Alger and Ed Foreman, whose defeat makes John Tower the only Texas Republican still in national politics. . . . Hairbreadth loss of up and coming Robert Taft in Ohio a major blow. . . . Surprise victory of Liberal Senator Ralph Yarborough over George Bush attributed less to Yarborough's popularity than to that old "deep in the heart of" feeling against "carpetbagger" Bush. Nowadays Texans wouldn't consider Sam Houston a Texan.

Chalk it up as big victory for organized labor. The AFL-CIO alone distributed over 50 million leaflets and officially endorsed 31 Senators, every man-jack of them a Democrat. . . . At least $15 million was raised from and by labor. . . . Labor's only big failure was Romney victory in Michigan where UAW voters obviously jumped traces to vote for the Republican. . . . But the handful of Democratic Liberal senators Labor worried most about, Gale McGhee (Wyo.), Vance Hartke (Ind.), Philip Hart (Mich.) made it—although some of them not like Flynn.

Only political clinker in the Kennedy circle: Pierre Salinger whose defeat by conservative George Murphy is blamed on three factors: 1) deep split

Daily Telegraph, Australia

*"New leaders! . . . How long were we in space?"*

in Cal. Democratic Party (Bigdaddy Unruh v. Gov. Pat Brown); 2) Salinger's absence in Washington during much of campaign (he must have set some sort of record for brevity in his senatorial career); 3) the overwhelming vote for Proposition 14, the so-called "Open Housing" amendment which Salinger had attacked. . . . Important GOP win despite Democratic flood in Delaware was victory of Sen. (Whispering John) Williams, who brought out Bobby Baker scandal in first place and campaigned as crusader against government corruption.

Undaunted: On half a dozen or more Eastern college campuses, gung-ho Goldwaterites had a new bumper sticker on Nov. 4. It was the figure '68, applied to bumper after the word "Goldwater."



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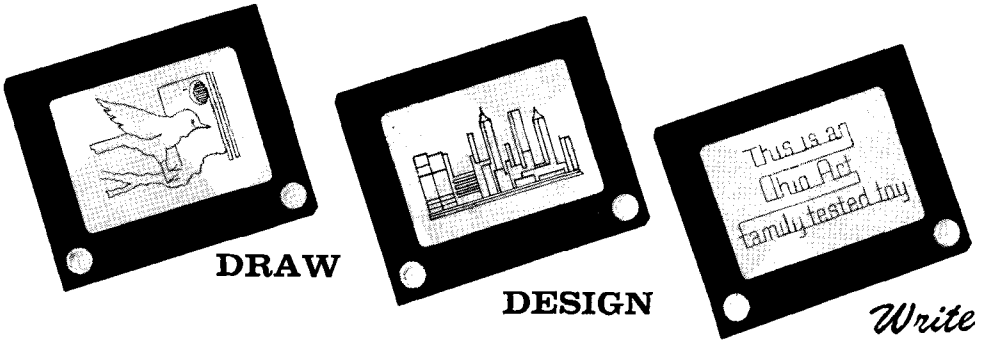


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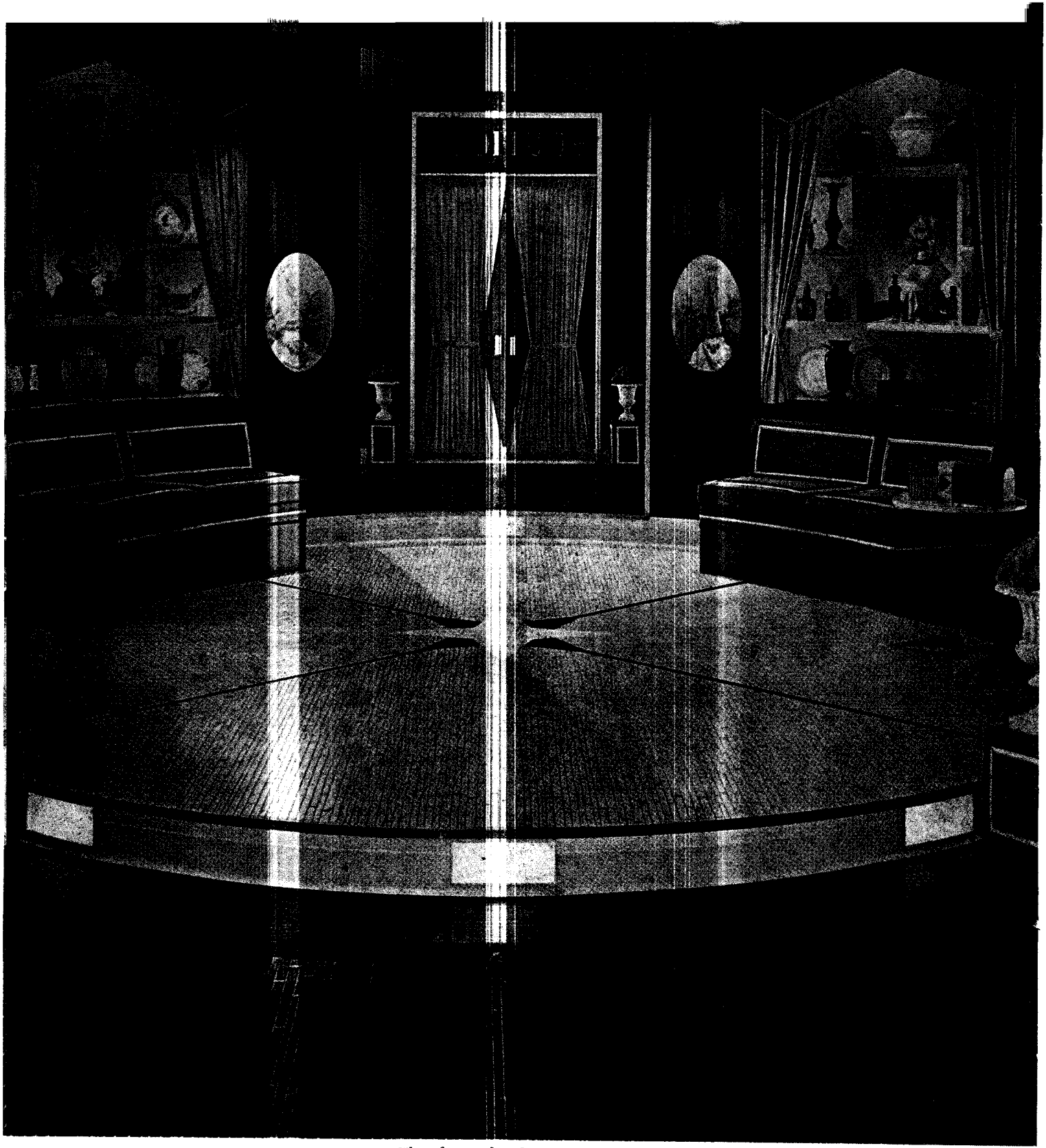

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